

AMOROUS OLD WOMAN. 1674.







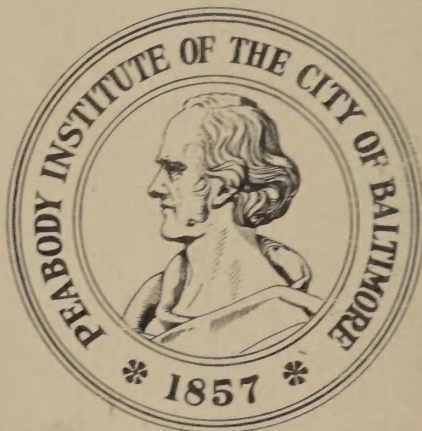
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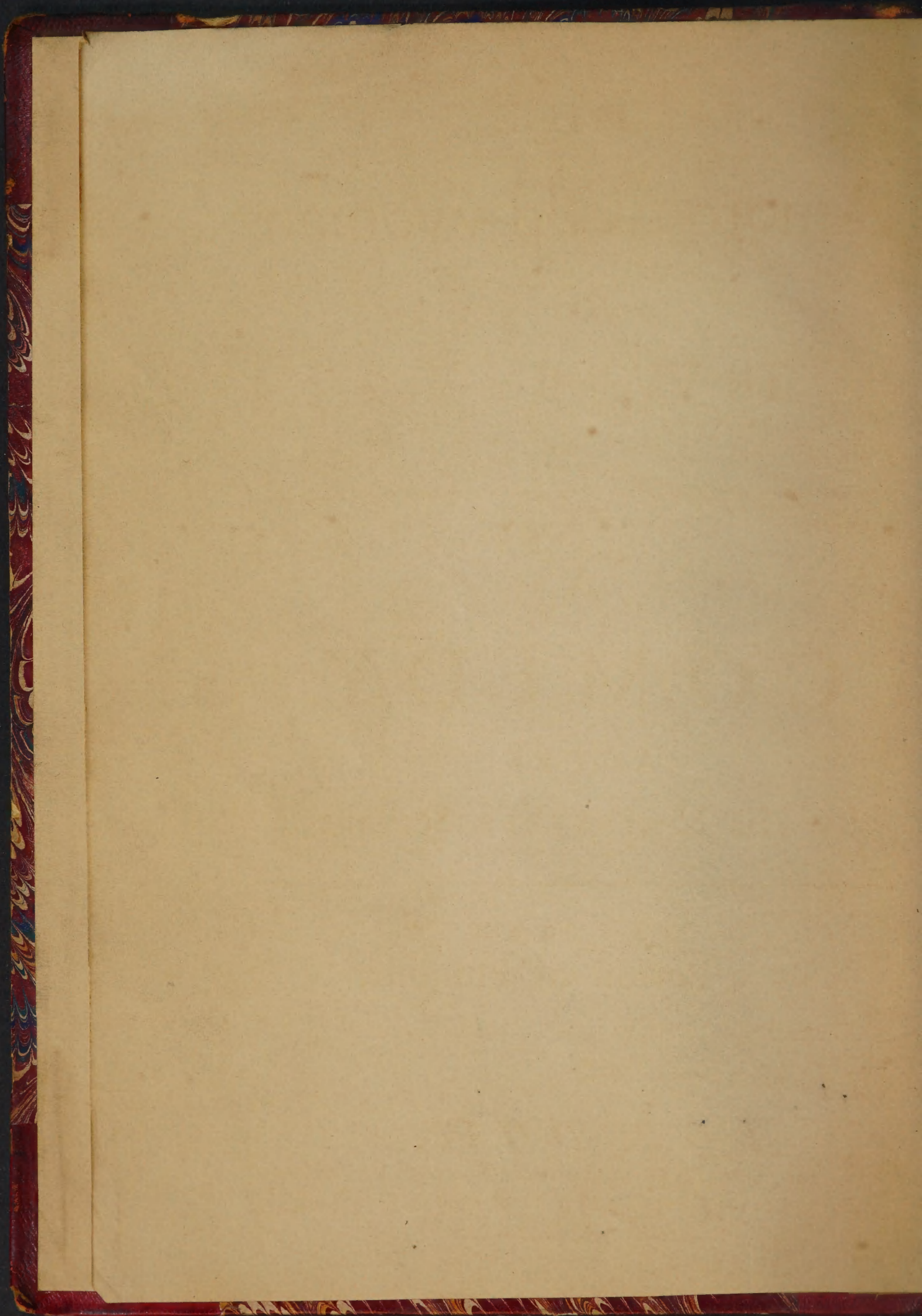
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THE
Amorous Old-vvoman:

OR,

'Tis VVell if it Take.

A
COMEDY.

ACTED

By His MAJESTIES Servants.

WRITTEN

By a Person of Honour.

L O N D O N,

Printed for Simon Neale at the three Pidgeons in *Felford*
street in *Covent-Garden*, and *B. Tooth* near *York House*
in the *Strand*. MDCLXXIV.

THE

Amorous Old-voyager

OR

Tis Well if it Take

31960
A

COMEDY.

ACTED

By His Majesties Servants

WRITTEN

By a Person of Honour.

L O N D O N

Printed for James Dods at the three Pigeons in St. Pauls Church-yard, and W. Wood near York U. 1713.
MDCCLXIV.



PROLOGUE

Spoken by Major Mohun.

POets in Prologues (to cajole the Age)
Have spent such stocks of Wit upon the stage,
That 'tis become the hardest part o' th' Play,
They've said so much, there's little left to say.
Yet Criticks, you new Miracles attend,
As if Wits Treasurie cou'd know no end.
Like cruel Landlords, who do never weigh
Hard times, or dammage, when 'tis Quarter day;
With eager expectation you destrain
For Wits Excise upon our Poets brain,
And for a Prologue, you old custom cite:
They writ with ease who first began to write;
All fancies then were fresh, all Theams were new;
Wit's ran sack'd now from China, to Peru.
Nay, here at home, all fancies are as stale,
Some flatter, some intreat, and others rail:
And this last Method we must needs confess,
Has of all others met the most success:
But our new Poet dares not take this Course,
He wou'd intreat, but not your likings force;
For if your Charity don't help him out,
He does protest he then must turn Bankrupt:
Not with design (as knavish Bankers do)
For he'll not break and then compound with you;
But fairly to you, his whole interest quit,
And give you up the forfeit of his Wit.

A second PROLOGUE intended, but
not spoken.

HE who comes hither, with design to kiss,
And with a bum revers'd to whisper Miss,
To kemb a Peruke, or to show gay Cloaths,
Or to vent antique Non-sence with new Oaths;
Our Poet welcomes as the *Muses Friend*,
For he'll by Irony each Play commend.
Next him, we welcome such who briskly dine
At Locketts, at Giraus, or Shattiline;
Swell'd with Pottage, and the Burgundian Grape,
They hither come to take a kindly Nap;
In these our Poet don't conceive much harm,
For they pay well, and keep our Benches warm;
And tho' (scarce half awake) some Plays they damn;
They do't by whole-sale, not by Ounce, and Dram.
But when fierce Criticks get them in their Clutch,
They're crueller than the Tyrannick Dutch;
And with more Art do dislocate each Scene,
Than in Amboyna they the limbs of Men;
They rack each line, and ev'ry word unknit,
As if they'd find a way to cramp all Wit.
They're the Terrour of all adventures here,
The very objects of their hate, and fear;
And like rude Common-wealths they still are knit,
Gainst English Playes, the Monarchies of Wit.
Th' invade Poetick licence, and still rail
At Plays, to which in duty they shou'd vail,
Yet still th' infest this Coast to Fish for Jests,
To suppliment their Wits at City Feasts.
Thus much for Criticks: To the more generous Wit
Our Poet frankly does each Scene submit,
And begs your kind Alliance to engage
Those Hogen Interlopers of the Stage.

THE HISTORY OF THE

for an Description of the Play

see Baker's Biography Dramatic

continued by Reed and Jones Vol 2 page 25

1794

at Comedy (attributed to Longbourn to

James Duffell) acted at the Theatre Royal

4th 1792 It was afterwards republished (1884)

with a new title page by the name of the

London Actors.

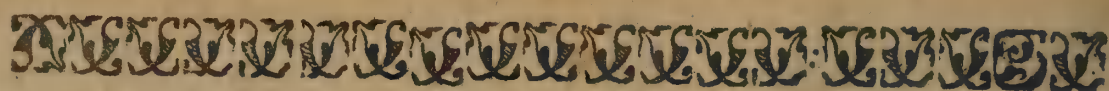
1794

1794

1794

1794

The 2nd Part



Dramatis Personæ.

Honorio <i>in Love with Arabella.</i>	Mr. Lydal.
Amante <i>in Love with Clara.</i>	Mr. Beeston.
Garbato <i>in Love with Arabella.</i>	Mr. Eastland.
Cicco <i>a blind Senator that pretends to see.</i>	Mr. Perin.
Riccamare <i>his Brother, in Love with Riches.</i>	Mr. Coysk.
Euggio <i>a Fellow that delights in Romancing.</i>	Mr. Chapman.
Furfante <i>Servant to Cicco.</i>	Mr. Powel.
Sanco-panco <i>Servant to Strega.</i>	Mr. Shirly.

Women Actors.

Constantia <i>Sister to Honorio.</i>	Mrs. Cox.
Arabella <i>Daughter to Cicco.</i>	Mrs. James.
Clara <i>{ in Love with Honorio, called } { also Intortunio. }</i>	Mrs. Boutel.
Strega <i>an old Rich deformed Lady.</i>	Mrs. Corey.

The Scene Pisa.



EPILOGUE.

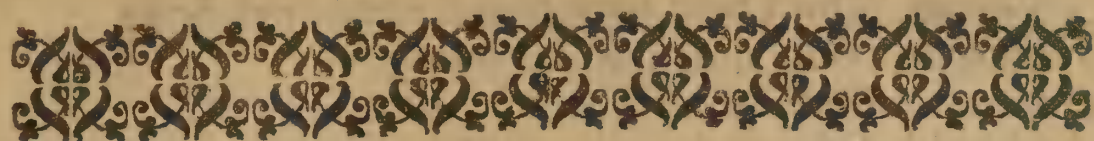
AS in Religion much less time is spent
Atk' practice, than debate, and argument:
So fares it now with Wit, for that is grown
The troublesome dispute of half the Town;
All have it in their Mouths, tho' few or none
Produce a Piece of true Wit all their own:
Some steal, some buy, and others borrow it,
And when all's done, 'twill hardly pass for Wit,
Unless they form a faction, and engage
(As Bessus did) the Brothers of the Stage,
To give it under hand and seal, that they
Approve the Plot and Language of the Play;
How then shoud our unknown have any hopes
His Play shoud pass, who wanted all these props?
He neither had advice, nor Critick Friend
To shew him where he fai'd, or how to mend;
Nor did he use the Poets common Art,
To repeat Scenes at th' Coffee-house by heart;
Nor half a year before the Play came forth,
By lending it anticipate its worth;
And by that juggling trust oblige each Wit
To justifie his Compliment it o' Fit:
No, this came quite a stranger to your view,
And he that writ it means to be so too,
Till your applause have made him free o' th' Trade,
And then perhaps he'll quit his Masquerade.

THE HISTORY OF THE
LIFE OF

FRANCIS BACON

BY
JAMES HARRISON
OF THE MIDDLE TEMPLE
ESQ;
IN TWO VOLUMES.
LONDON:
Printed by J. Sturges, in Pall-mall.
1741.

Vol. I.



T H E
 Amorous Old-vvoman,
 O R,
 'Tis VVell if it Take.

ACTUS I. SCENA I.

Amante and Honorio meeting.

Aman. Signior Honorio !

Hon. Signior *Amante* ! You are the Man
 I wish'd to meet.

Aman. Then we're both pleas'd.
 I've worn out my Feet with seeking you.

Hon. And I my Patience.

Aman. I thought you better stor'd.

Hon. You have most reason to believe so Signior.

Aman. I cannot apprehend you.

Hon. I shall explain my self. I understand
 You have been a liberal detractor Sir,
 Both of my honour, and my Sisters fame;
 And as a Gentleman expect fair satisfaction.

Aman. Ha, ha, ha, you are dispos'd to droll.
Italians seldom understand that Language.

Hon. You speak *French*. Teach your Sword the Dialect.

B

And

And don't mistake my injuries for jests.

Aman. Tho' I have alwayes made it my chief care
Neither to offer, nor receive a wrong,
And am as far from injuries to you,
As English Subjects from oppressive Laws:
Yet custom does so cruelly impose
Upon the Laws of Honour, the must give
Satisfaction, to the Capricio of each jealous brain.

Hon. I am no common Duellist, nor make a living
From the price of blood. My temper
In your refusal of my Sisters Love
(After such long address) was too much shewn;
But then her tears did conquer my resentments,
Which fresher injuries have inflam'd a-new.
And if not false to Honour, as to Love,
You will this Night those injuries repair,
Or take his Life, whose fame you did not spare.

Aman. 'Twere not amiss I knew particulars,
The why and wherefore I must draw my Sword,
For I'me not so in love with the French garb,
T' expose my skin to pinking for the Mode.

Hon. You shall -----

Setting a part your late inconstancy, (which I am
Bound to pardon by an Oath) receive in short
My other injuries: y' have given out (thereby
To justifie your levity) my Sister was unchast,
And that the reason you forsook her Love;
That I (being conscious of my Sisters guilt)
Durst not confirm't to th' world by my revenge.

Aman. Let me but know the inventor of these lyes,
These Hell-bred lyes, that I may punish him,
For I am more than equally concern'd.

Hon. You must excuse me Sir, I swore concealment.

Aman. Then give me leave to say you are unjust:
Tho' love, which all want Power to resist,
Compell'd my stubborn heart to feel a second flame;
Yet I was ne're so little generous, so destitute

(3)

Of Honour, or of Man-hood, as to asperse a Lady,
I once lov'd.

Hon. Words are no balsom for the wounds of Honour :
I hope you'll meet me in *Pantalonies* Grove.

Aman. To vindicate her Fame I will ; but ne're
To justifie so black a Calumny.

Hon. Y' are a Coward then, that wants a Soul
To own the injuries your malice vents.

Aman. A Coward ! Lend me your patience Gods !
'Tis all too little to allay the flame
That word has kindled here ; Oh how it rages !
Now y' have given my anger a just Theam ;
You shall soon know to whom the Coward's due :
Expect me about Six.

Hon. I shall attend you with a second.

[Exit Honorio.

Aman. Tho' he pretends fresh wrongs, 'tis evident
He seeks to punish my inconstancy,
A cause my Sword wou'd have defended weakly,
Had not his fury given 't an argument,
Too warrantable to admit dispute,
As to the justice of't, a Coward !
It is a Title of such Infamy ;
Methinks his life is slender satisfaction !
And yet when I consider him my Friend,
Methinks that Title shou'd all quarrells end.

[Exit.

Scena Secunda.

Riccamare, *Garbato.*

Ric. But is she so deform'd ?

Garb. As ugly as heart can wish, but rich
Beyond the numbers of Arithmetick.

Ric. She's a Woman ?

B 2

Garb. Her

Garb. Her Progeny assures it, for she has seen
Her great Grand-childs Daughter;
But still remember she is rich.

Ric. There's my *Elyzium*.

Garb. Put will you marry her?

Ric. Why did I crave thy aid else? for riches
I will marry any thing. Were she so old
That the single hairs upon her Chin
Were hard'ned by time, to the consistence
Of Knitting-needles, and grown as long; if
She had money, yet I'd marry her, and
Kiss her upon occasion, notwithstanding
That Porcupin defence.

Garb. And much good may it do thee.

Ric. Nay, if she be but rich enough, I care not
Tho' she were a Witch the Devil had suck'd
Nine lives; but thou art sure that I shall
Meet no Rival?

Garb. Except Don Satan shou'd in meer spight
Animate an hang'd Carcass to court her,
Never fear one.

Ric. How happy's *Riccamlare*! since glorious Gold
Gives form to Youth deform'd, Beauty to th' old.

Garb. How he's exalted! like a Beggar that had
Drunk himself into a Prince, and keeps
State in a dream.

Ric. Dear *Garbato* let's instantly to this India.

Garb. Weigh the adventure: There's more pleasure
To sleep in a Trench, tho' in a deep Snow,
When Bullets dance about your ears, and
Less danger, than in kissing her, she
Has a breath more noisom than a Jakes,
Able to belch a Pestilence, but Gold is a
Rich Restorative, and she's as mellow as
An Angelot Cheese, that has been mortifi'd
Fifteen Months in Horse-dung: But still
To your great comfort, she's exceeding rich.

Ric. That's

Ric. That's my Paradise, has she many Heirs?

Garb. None but an overgrown Gib-cat, she has
Out-liv'd her kindred by nine Generations,
And they say remembers ever since *Eve*
Gave suck; and for her Religion she's a
Pre-adamite.

Ric. Then are my fortunes made for ever.

Garb. And you shall make mine before we part. (*aside*)

Ric. How am I bound to fortune! Rich and Old,
Two blessings I wou'd hardly change for Heaven
Might it succeed.

Garb. The refusal must be on your part Signior.

Ric. What, and be worth ten thousand Duckets yearly?

Gar. Yes, and ten times that in money.

Ric. If I wed her not, may I marry a poor
Beauty, and undo my Parish with getting
Beggars. Why should'st thou scruple it?
Prithee let's lose no time.

Garb. A word first about my own concerns.

Ric. Delay me not, I'll reward thee to thy wish.

Gar. I am no Slave to coin Sir.

Ric. How shall I otherwise deserve thy Love?

Gar. As we walk I shall inform you.

Ric. Well, you shall govern me: now to my Mine;
Nought's so deform'd, but Gold can make divine.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scena Tertia.

Constantia, Clara, Arabella.

Con. Dispute no more, you may as well compare
An Atome to a Mountain, as balance
Your miseries with mine.

cla. Let each impart her grief, and then the Scale
Will not perhaps appear so much unequal.

Ara. Let

Ara. Let me begin happily, hearing mine
You'll blush, and think your own not worth
Relating.

The man I love is banisht from my sight,
And him I hate, usurps a Lovers right.
Such Magick is there in a Parents will,
As does destroy my Love, my Lover kill.
If I obey, I must espouse my hate,
And disobedience is a harder fate.
For so I lose my love, who does pursue
Me with such Virtue, he'd then shun me too,
As lost to duty, judging I might prove,
As to my Father, fatter to his love.

Con. Your fate's severe, yet Madam you possess
In's Virtue still a kind of happiness,
Whil'st I have lost in mine, (being so untrue,)
Not only a Lover, but his virtue too.

Cl. Yet both your fates my happiness outgo:
You were belov'd, but I was never so.

Con. My having been belov'd my griefs encrease:
War racks them most that have been us'd to peace.

Ara. And those true vowes my Lover does impart,
Serve but as Torches to inflame my heart.
Which otherwise by silence might abate
In Love, and reconcile me to my hate.

Cl. All these are trifles to poor *Clara's* grief,
Whose Love ne're had, nor e're can hope relief.

Con. What e're they seem, sure those griefs deepest grow,
Which feel th' effects of love, and hatred too.

Ara. If to discern, you'd contraries compare,
(For great hope lost, begets the worst despair.)
You'd find my grief all others far excel.
So joyes privation is the worst of Hell:
And darkness seems more horrid to the sight,
When Bodies intervene 'twixt us and light,
And rob us of the glory of the Day,
Than when by course, Night drives the Sun away.

So does my Fathers will t' our Love appear,
 Much more prodigious, than were Love severe,
 Or either of us false: that grief destroys,
 Which cruelly separates uniting joyes.

Con. Disputes are vain; we never shall decide,
 Which shou'd precede, 'mongst griefs so near ally'd.

Cl. Thou'rt in the right, for mine must never yield.

Ara. Nor mine ----- adieu.

I must retire to the Cyprels Grove.

Cl. So dark a shade will best become my Love,
 I'll bear thee company, where we will feed,
 Sorrow with silence: As wounds inward bleed,
 When least apparent, yet then best surprize
 The fort of life; so griefs which dwell on Eyes,
 Cannot so dextrously life o'ercome,
 As silent sorrows, which live nearer home.

[*Exeunt Clara and Arabella.*]

Con. If Love alone be difficult to bear,
 And that Loves torments are increas'd by fear,
 Tho' fear denote some hope, Love paid with scorn,
 Being void of hope's much harder to be born.
 How have I sin'd! that I'me compell'd to prove
 The utmost rigours both of scorn, and love:
 Great Deity forgive! and next abate
 My love like his; as one teach both to hate.
 Or if I still must dote by your decree,
 Yet mitigate my cruel destiny.
 And make *Amante* feel a scornful hate,
 May equalize the rigour of my fate.
 That so,
 Wearied with scorns, his penitence may prove,
 More advantageous than his feigned Love.

[*Exit.*]

Scena:

Scena Quarta.

Buggio, Honorio.

Bug. Where dost think I met thy Mistress?*Hon.* My Mistress!*Bug.* Make it not so strange, the Lady of your Publick address, the Lady *Arabella*.*Hon.* The Lady *Arabella*! Where?*Bug.* See if your countenance speaks not truth for you:
Be Master of a better temper,
Or hang me if I tell you a Syllable.*Hon.* I'll tell you more without a Covenant;
Amante does with solemn Oaths deny
Those base aspersions which you swore he lay'd
Upon my Sisters Fame: And tho' he be
A Vagabond in Love, yet I believe him
A Man of Honour, that wou'd not eat his words;
Besides the Oath of silence you impos'd,
Begets suspicion.*Bug.* This comes by telling lyes, damnable lyes;
To please my fancy I expose my throat,
And with a Pox must be Romantick still.*(aside)**Hon.* Signior, I expect your answer.*Bug.* Sir, since my zeal and over-fond affection,
Has rendred me a sufferer in your thoughts;
I shall become more careful for the future
Of busie friendship, and a pur-blind zeal,
And find at present ways to vindicate
The truth.*Hon.* That will oblige me to implore your pardon,
For my unjust suspicion.*Bug.* 'Tis confidence I see, must bear me out.
Time will make all things plain.*(aside)**Hon.* The time is riper Sir, than you suppose,

For

For by appointment, I'me to meet *Amante*
This Night in single Combate.

Bug. Then I have made fine work, and shall no doubt
Have my dear Guts carv'd in *Italian* Cut-works,
Or my poor Carcass pounded to a Sawfage.

Hon. If now you please to honour me so far
As to appear my Second, you'll thereby approve
Your truth, and friendship.

Bug. Second!----- A Pox of all lying, it will lie
Heavy on my blood one day, or other; and
Yet if I shou'd be hang'd for't, my very body
Cou'd not chuse but lie, after 'twere dead.

Enter Cicco, Furfante.

Cic. *Furfante*, When we meet Company, whisper me.

Fur. Yonder's Signior *Honorio* Sir, my young
Mistresses Servant.

Cic. Good day Signior *Honorio*.

Hon. How the Devil does he to see me at this
Distance, that gropes from one Room to another;
And knows not the way to his Mouth
But by custom ---- I joy to see you Sir,
That I may enquire of my souls chief
Happiness, my *Arabella*, how fares my life?

Cic. In perfect health, like sad *Penelope* she
Moanes the absence of her Love, you make
Your self too much a Stranger.

Hon. She makes m' indeed a Stranger to her heart,
VWhere I cou'd wish to be more intimate
Than Friends appear'd before the World knew fraud.
But since she's pleas'd to have it otherwise,
My duty's to submit.

Cic. Talk not to me of duty, or submission; your flames
And flatteries make them proud; your terming
Them Deities make them forget ther frailty, (*Honorio*:
Calling them Mistresses, you teach them disobedience, Signior
You have my voice, if she's mine, she's mine
To dispose.

C

Hon. Doubt

Hon. Doubt not her just obedience, she'll comply
In ev'ry thing she can; but Tyrant love
Does so our reason and our will surmount,
It makes all tyes besides of no account.

Cic. Allow Girles reason, and will! that were fine i' faith.

Bug. I see y'are busie Sir, I'll take my leave.

Cic. VWho's that, *Furfante*?

Hon. Stay but a Minute, and I'll wait upon you,
In the mean time, consider of the business.

Bug. Shou'd I refuse, he'd fight with me himself,
Tho' I perform nothing I'll promise fair.

Cic. Does he turn this way yet?

Fur. He does, speak aloud, for he's at some distance.

Cic. Signior *Buggio*, my old acquaintance!
I protest I saw you not.

Fur. He may believe him, for he has been
Blind these five years.

Bug. Your Age excuses you.

Cic. I am not wont to make such gross mistakes.

Fur. Thanks to my Eyes, and your Ears.

Cic. Old as I am, these Eyes will serve me without spectacles.

Fur. As well as with'em.

Bug. I've heard, you have that sense so perfect,
That you can see the point of a Needle
At twelve score.

Cic. Then Signior *Buggio*, you have heard a truth.

Fur. He neither cares to hear, nor speak one.

Cic. Son *Honorio*.

Hon. That Title honours me, and revives my hopes.

Cic. Hopes! I'll have 'em certainties, the day
Appointed, and that quickly too.

Hon. You speak the Language of the Gods, prepare
My *Arabella* for a free consent,
And *Hymen* shall soon make us one.

Cic. Say no more, I'll have't dispatch'd
To morrow, the private, the better.

Fur. For his Purse.

Cic. Fur.

Cic. Furfante!

Hon. This suddenness surprizes me,
But old men do all by fits.
And I will sooner lose my life
Than this blest opportunity.

Cic. I hope you'll wait upon your friend to morrow.

[*Exeunt Cicco & Furfante.*]

Bug. I sooner may neglect my self than him.

Hon. You have consider'd my proposal?

Bug. I have, and with a double joy receive
The honour, as vindicator both of my fame,
And truth.

Hon. You'll approve your self a worthy Gentleman.
The Place is *Pantalones* Grove, the hour Six.

Bug. I understand you Sir. ----- If I observe (*aside*)
Either time or place, I'll be fle'y'd, and
Have Vellum made of my Hide for Historians
To write authentick History --- your Servant Sir.

Hon. A word, you seem'd at first to intimate
Somewhat concerning my *Arabella*.

Bug. True, I did ---- But----

Hon. Mince not the matter, this old mans suddenness
Does justly give me cause of jealousy,
Which we esteem high wildoms sentinel,
Cause it alar'ns fear, and straight awakes
Suspending doubt, which actions wisely stay
Till discreet reason can prepare their way.

Bug. I shall so claw your wisdom. (*aside*)

Hon. Dear *Buggio*, be particular in what
Your hast did make appear of some concern.

Bug. Yes, and have my Throat cut for my labour,
Sure, I shall learn more wit.

Hon. Nay, how you play the Tyrant! that Friendship's
Poor, which danger can affright,
And he loves little can't forgive his Friend
When 'twas not he, but's Passion did offend.

Bug. The danger, which I fear 's to incur your hate;

Yet that I'll wave, with all the interest
Of divine Friendship, rather than conceal
Ought that may affront your love or honour.

Hon. Thou wilt oblige me to Eternity.

Bug. In short, I saw your *Arabella*, Signior,
VWith young *Amante* on the Grand Canale
In a Felucca rowing toward *Leghorn*,
Adorn'd with all the Gallantries of Art,
Harmonious Musick entertain'd her Ear,
Perfumes her smell, which much enrich'd the Air,
A Banquet and delicious Wines her taste,
VWhil'st he appear'd the object of her Eye,
And pleas'd her more than that variety.

Hon. Hell, and Devils! Art thou sure 'twas he?

Bug. As sure--- What? Dost thou take me for an Atheist?
Have I any Faith? have I any Eyes?

Hon. Enough --- you will not fail at Six.

Bug. I'll sooner fail my Grannam on her Death-bed,
VWhen she's bestowing Legacies.

[Exit.]

Hon. Were not *Constantius* injuries sufficient
But thou must wound more near, and having struck
My Honour, must destroy my Love, and wound
A Chastity my Soul did glory in?
Thy injuries confound my patience
And revenge, and make me think Heaven unjust,
That gave thee so much power to offend,
And but one life to make me satisfaction;
But I'll denounce a War against thy blood,
And thence proceed to thy affinities.
Nor shall my vengeance slacken, much less end,
Whil'st thou hast left, a Kinsman or a Friend.

[Exit.]

Scena

Scena Quinta.

Riccamare, Garbato.

Ric. Our agreement's this, if this Damsel of sixscore
And odd, be worth the sums you talk off,
And will marry me, I am to procure my
Niece *Arabella's* Company at my house, and
Make you a Collation; if it do not succeed
You forfeit two hundred Crowns.

Garb. You have an exact memory. View now
The Fabrick.

Ric. It looks like an old ruin of *Egypt*.

Garb. Or rather like a relique of the Flood;
Sure it was built in the Infancy of time,
Before the World was acquainted with proportion,
Or Architecture.

Ric. Knock; I long to survey the Inhabitants
Of this Monument, if she be rich enough
'Twill make amends.

Garb. Nay, you must expect nothing but antiquity:
Her Parlour will appear like a Brokers shop,
Every Stool of a several Parish.

Enter Sanco-panco.

But here comes her general Officer---- I must
Dispatch him Embassadour to his Lady,
Before I can proceed with my description.

Ric. This is some *Egyptian* Mummy preserv'd
By a petrifying Vapour, he moves as if he
Had no Soul.

Exit Sanco-panco.

What strange *African* Monster's that?

Garb. A moveable suitable to her other appurtenances.
But to my description; The Cushions in her
Windows look by the Antique Embroidery

Like

Like Reliques sav'd at the Sack of *Jerusalem*,
And the Velvet of the Couch like an High
Priests Cope, that had lay'n buried nine Ages.

Ric. If she be parallel to these, I shall be VViv'd.

Garb. I fear she'll prove the greater antiquity.

Ric. Good Gold, fortifie my Stomach strongly.

Garb. But she's rich, that's all thou car'st for.

Ric. True, in being so, she's all, All I can wish.

Enter Sanco-panco.

Garb. And here returns our *Sanco-panco*, Porter,
Uther, Steward, Butler, Coach-man, or what
You please, to conduct you to your *Indies*.

Sanc. After my Mistresses hearty commendations
Presented unto you.

Ric. 'Slife, he's her Secretary too, and is directing
A Letter of thanks for a Country Cake.

Sanc. My Mistress bid me notifie her intentions
Are to see you.

Ric. She can see yet, that's some comfort.
Good Sir *Lancelot*, do your Office, and Marshal us.

Sanc. I shall shew you up to my Mistresses Chamber.

Ric. Now if I can but obtain her.

Garb. Fear nothing, pray for a good Stomach,
say Grace, and fall too.

Exeunt.

Scena Sexta.

Buggio and Constantia.

Bug. Unless you call upon your Apron-strings
For some device, that may confine him home,
You'll loose a Brother, and a Servant, Lady.

Con. Are you to be his Second?

Bug. Madam I ever us'd to appear first
In these Encounters, but my respect to you--

Con. I

Con. I shall ever own the Obligation.

Bug. Y' are most obliging, 'tis a pious work ;
You will prevent the direst Massacre.

Con. I doubt not but I shall perswade my Brothers.

Bug. I wish you may, for your fair sake I wish it,
Else ne're expect to see a Brother more :

For my own part, I think that I can die

As decently as another ;

And sell my life too, at as dear a rate

As any flesh alive, for all their Guns,

Petars, Granadoes, and Demy-culverings.

Con. Heaven bless us.

Bug. Madam, you are fore-warn'd, I must prepare,
I mean for mischief, and to broach new lies. *(aside)*

[Exit.]

Con. His words are terrible, - shou'd this be true ;

I lose at once a Lover, and a Brother.

'Tis safe to fear the worst, some way I'll prove

To save their lives, altho' I lose their Love.

[Exit.]

Actus Secundus.

Arabella, Clara, in Boyes Apparel.

Ara. Tell me thy Name, and Parentage.

Cl. My name is *Infortunio*, for my Birth,
I claim an honest, but no high descent,

A Shepherds Son in *Sicily*.

Ara. *Infortunio* !

Cl. A Name which answers my misfortunes, Madam.

Ara. Alas thy face does shew the petty griefs

Thy Age has undergone, the Sun did broil

Or the cold Air did sometimes make thee quake,

Or hunger tyranniz'd for want of break-fast

Upon

Upon thy empty Stomach : can'st thou sing ?

Inf. According to our Rural way I can.

Ara. Pretty Boy ! Prithee be not so bashful,
But begin.

Song.

1

If love enjoy'd's the greatest bliss

A mortal can sustain,

The greatest pain

Must be the contrary to this,

Cruel disdain.

No Passion's harder to be born,

Than Love, when'tis repay'd with scorn.

2

I'de rather have my Love untrue

And giv'n to flattery,

Then should I be

So happy as to have him sue

For Love to me.

And if his falshood prove too great,

At pleasure sound the first retreat.

3

But when men the advantage have

To shew the first disdain

They thereby gain

The Priviledg to kill, or save,

Encrease our pain,

And make us Perish by their scorn,

Or live by smiles, like Vassals born.

Ara. How happy is this Boy, who sings his Aires,
And makes his pastime out of others cares !

Ah that I were as ignorant as he,

He knows no love, therefore no misery,

But

But Women are too apt (heav'n knows) to learn,
To wish, to blush, and next to have concern.

Enter Cicco, Furfante.

Fur. Yonder's my young Mistress, Sir.

Cic. Lead me to her, what Company?

Fur. Only a Page, a little Youth.

Cic. A very pretty Youth.

Fur. Of a black, as e're you saw.

Cic. Yes, yes, I see that, a pretty Moor.

Cla. Is he mad, or blind, or both?

Fur. He's blind, and mad, and both.

Cic. These are but shifts, Apron-string policies,
No more, 'tis my command, shew your obedience.
You have not seen *Garbato* lately?

Ara. You did command the contrary, and I obey'd.

Cic. It well became your duty ---
He'll be so wise I hope t' absent himself,
His entertainment shan't incite him hither,
Let Beggars marry in their Tribe, and so
Maintain their race, I must have you prepare
To be the rich *Honorio's* Bride.

Ara. Dear Sir ---

Cic. Nay no reply, your warning's short, I'll see
You married my self to morrow Morning.

Fur. He talks of seeing still, where are his Eyes?

Cla. Can't not perceive, they're alwayes in his Mouth.

Fur. You mistake, his sight's there, his eyes
Are in his head.

Cic. Here, take this Purse, and see you fit yourself.

[Exit Cicco.]

Ara. What for a Sepulcher?

Cla. A Bridal Bed, dear Madam.

Ara. 'Twere less injurious to wish a Tomb.

Cla. I'me glad she hates him yet, there's some hope left,
If my poor stars prove kind, however I'll
Aid them.

Madam, so strange a sadness clouds your Soul

D

As

As wou'd move pitty in a senseless Statue,
 Therefore impute it not to impudence,
 If in compassion of your miseries,
 I proffer my poor service to perswade
Honorio to forsake your Love, and leave you
 To your choice.

Ara. Thou speak'st a blessing rather to be wish'd,
 Than hop'd for, or obtain'd.

Cla. Be not distrustful.
 You know not how my innocence can plead,
 Arm'd with your cause; if he has any pity,
 I'll use such soft and tender language to him
 As shall dissolve his soul into compassion.

Ara. Thou hast indeed a moving language Boy,
 And thy looks, with me, have power to perswade
 Beyond the Charms and Tropes of Rhetorick.
 May they with him find equal grace, and Power.
 Tell him my heart, and love, was pre-dispos'd;
 That 'tis not Pride, but Love, refuses him;
 Bid him not take it ill, that I am constant,
 For Death to me is welcomer than change.
 That if he ceases to prosecute my fate
 He will deserve my pitty, and such Love
 As gratitude, and honour can dispense.
 But if he will persist my dreadfulst hate,
 That from my Love he'll at such distance be
 He scarcely will be worth my Charity.

Cla. When he knows this, he'll surely blame his Love,
 And straight endeavour to suppress his flame.
 But I wrong your service by deferring it.

Ara. Whil'st he employes his richest eloquence
 In mitigation of *Honorio's* Love,
 I must make use of my own diligence
 To find *Garbato* and discover to him
 The hasty rigour of my Fathers Will:
 I am inform'd he often does frequent

[Exit]

My

My Uncles House, but upon what design
I can't surmise, unless he hope from thence
To reap advantage to our love:
However boldly, I'll adventure there,
She shou'd fear nought, 'has every thing to fear.

[Exit.]

Scena Secunda.

Riccamare, Garbato.

Ric. As she's set together, she appears
Reasonably handsome.

Garb. Like the grave Governess of a Roman Bawdy-house,
But when she's disjoynted, like a new dissected
Anatomy, then tell me thy opinion.

Ric. I warrant you, a gilded Pill will down.
But did'st observe her Conscience, how 'twas spiced?

Garb. Like a Wallfowl, or a pepper posset, it bit agen.
She's not like our Shop-keepers, that vent their
Wares by a false light, she'll have you survey
The Commodity well, that you may not repent
The bargain.

Ric. Blame her not, she's honest and kind.

Garb. As Cats when they first grow proud, all her
Cares will consist in scratching, and like
The Russian Lasses, she must be basted, to be
Made sensible of thy kindness.

Ric. The Woman's well, considering her wealth.

Garb. I fear thou'lt scarce like her when thou
Hast seen her imperfections.

Ric. Why, are they so horrid?

Gar. Faith I know not, but the Ceremonie gives
Much of Terrour---she's made of several
Loose Parcells, that's certain; and to have an
Arm taken off, turn into a Cats paw; her

Nose convert to a Swines Snout, her Periwig
To Hares, and her Legs to Grey-hounds to course
Them, wou'd it not startle thee?

Ric. Thou art as whimsical as a Court Lady
Studying of new fashions, I cannot imagine
Half these deformities.

Garb. May she prove the Figure of *Helen*! or rather
May her wealth make her appear so!

Enter Amante.

My dear *Amante*, 'tis above an Age,
Since I had last the happiness to see you.

Aman. Perhaps you'll wish you had not seen me now.

Garb. You wrong our Friendship much; your reason Sir?

Aman. Dismiss that Gentleman, and I'll inform you.

Ric. I shall see you at my lodging.

Garb. In time to wait upon you to the party.

[*Garbato whispers Riccamare.*

Ric. Be sure you don't forget. [Exit Riccamare,

Garb. You know my forfeit. Now Friend I am yours.

Aman. You knew my Love once to *Constantia*.

Garb. And have lamented oft, the change.

Aman. That Crime must be imputed Sir to Love,
Or beauty which commands it; however now
I am summon'd to answer it with my Sword.

Garb. I thought *Constantia* had prevail'd upon
Her Brothers rage, to let it sleep,

Aman. 'Twas so believ'd, and that she had confin'd
His fury by an Oath; I must avow
Her pity therein did affect me much,
For I was loth to justify a Crime
Love made me so unwillingly commit.

Garb. What's the occasion then of this new quarrel?

Aman. I know not well, but he seems to charge me
With fresh injuries, which I averring false,
He call'd me Coward, thy Friend *Amante* Coward:

Garb. Just Gods! and when d'you Combate him?

Aman. Immediately, if you but honour me so far,

As

As to appear my second,

Garb. You know you may command me.

Aman. 'Tis time we did attend him.

Garb. Away, this Arm unto my Sword shall lend
A double vigour to revenge my Friend.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scena Tertia.

Constantia.

Con. Now that my Brother's safe, my next design
Must be, how to secure his fame, for honour
To a Cavaleer of his Complexion
Is of more dear concern by far than life:
'Tis an hard Task, yet what I want in Art
My Courage shall supply, for I'me all heart:
I heard some tread, I will obscure a while.

[*She hides behind a Tree.*]

Enter Buggio.

Bug. The Coast is clear, and I've time to invent
Some delicate Romance, a fine-spun lie
To please my fancy, and to save my bones;
Shou'd fair *Constantia* miss of her design
To stay *Honorio*.

Con. He speaks of me, I'll listen nearer.

Bug. If he come first *Amante*'s very sick;
And sent a Messenger to make excuse.
But if *Amante* on *Honorio*'s behalf,
I'll make submission.

Con. Base Slave!

Bug. And beg a pardon for the injuries
He did him: oh delicate, dainty lyes!
How you tickle, and delate my Genius!
There is no Paradise, but in Romance.

Con. What a strange Fellow's this? yet to me

I fear his Story was too true, for see
Amante comes.

Enter Amante, Garbato.

Bug. Now for a dainty fancy to make Fools----

Aman. We are in time I see, here's only *Buggio*,
 And without a Sword.

Gar. Oh he's a Man of peace.

Bug. He shou'd be a Conjuror by his Guess.

Con. 'Tis time I shew my self.

Bug. Noble Gallants, Signior *Honorio*----

Con. *Honorio*! If any here have ought
 To say against him, I appear his Champion,
 And in the just defence of his true Honour
 Oppose my Innocence to your rude Swords.

Bug. She has spoyl'd the rarest Fable brain e're
 Gave being to ---- Cursed Woman ----

[Exit.

Gar. Is not this *Constantia*?

Aman. The same.

Con. Yes 'tis the same, the same *Constantia*;
 I wou'd you were the same *Amante* too!
 But wherefore shou'd I wish you so much ill?
 No, prosper in your Love, and set in me
 A period to your hate.

Aman. How much I prize your life, the Gods bear witness.

Con. How little you esteem my love, this heart
 Can witness; yet tell me, false, and cruel,
 How many new vexations you design me?
 Y'ave rob'd my heart of Love, my life of peace,
 And now pursue my sole surviving comfort,
 My Brothers life.

Aman. Alas I pity your misfortunes Madam,
 And own my self unworthy of your Love,
 Vil'd and inconstant;
 But for your Brother as he made the strife,
 'Tis justice he shou'd answer't with his life.

Con. His life! can nothing else obtain his peace?

Aman. Bal-

Aman. Ballance my injuries, and be you Judge.
He has reproach'd me with a Cowards name,
And with much baseness urg'd me to the Field,
Himself not daring as a Gentleman to meet
Me here, or give me satisfaction.

Con. Suspend your sentence till you understand;
By what necessity he is detain'd,
I've lock'd him up, and am come here my self
To make you Friends, or else supply his Room,
If we must fight, come on, [She draws her Sword]
Yet sure you'll gain
But small repute, to kill a Maid half slain
By Love before, whose valour will appear,
More in her tongue than hand, most in a Tear.

Aman. My heart dissolves, I shall forget my wrongs.

Gar. Friend, let me intercede, who can deny
A Lady pleading with a weeping Eye?
'Twas for her sake *Honorio* did forgive
Your change in Love, for her sake let him live.

Aman. I am content, we're on an even score;
Besides it is as little as I can do
In satisfaction for my wrongs to you.

Con. This is a relique of some kindness yet,
But once your love, and vows did promise more,
I now must study to forget both them, and you,
Farewel for ever.

[Exit]

Aman. She's passionate.

Gar. Sh'as reason for't, her injuries wou'd vex
The strongest Patience of that Noble Sex.

[Exeunt]

Scena

*Scena Quarta.**Honorio at a Window.*

Hon. Sister! *Constantia*, Sister! sure she's dead,
 Or some infectious Vapour makes her mad
 To lock me up thus; Curse of her design!
 My honour's wounded to Eternity,
 But how the Devil she shou'd come to hear
 Of our appointment is beyond my brains
 Or reason to conceive. Hell take her care!
 She kills my honour to preserve my life;
 And who can say she han't destroy'd her own,
 And made me fast to play at loose her self?
 Unto its Center I will sift her heart,
 Level a Prospect to her very soul,
 But I will know her thoughts, her hidden thoughts,
 I've made a passage through three locks already,
 This is beyond my skill, or strength to force.

Enter Clara, as Infortunio.

'Tis almost Night, I'll call on yonder Boy.

Cl. This certainly must be *Honorio's* House.

Hon. Youth, kind Youth.

Cl. 'Tis he! Pray what's your pleasure?

Hon. Good Youth step to the adjacent street
 And fetch a Smith; my Family are gone,
 To th' festival, and lock'd me in.

Cl. 'Twill be a kindness to my self,
 For I have business with you.

Hon. Prithee dear Boy dispatch, I long to hear it.

Cl. I'll bring you straight your freedom.

[Exit.]

[*Honorio shuts the Window.*]*Scena*

Scena Quinta.

Furfante, Cicco.

Cic. *Arabella* not come home, and night!Fur. When is't other with him? the Sun
Is half an hour high Sir.

Cic. Yes, yes, I think it be.

{he peeps up to-
wards the sky,Fur. He peakes into the Element
Like an Astrologer, that picks out
Good Stars for others, and unlucky ones
For himself.

Cic. No, no, the Sun is not so high.

Fur. You might swear it, could you see the Candles?

Cic. 'Tis just a quarter high, or there about.

Fur. You are more than three quarters blind.

Cic. But that's Night in a manner.

Fur. Blindness is alwayes Night in a manner,

Cic. What's that you say Sirrah of good Manners?

Fur. Not I Sir, I had never any to talk of.

Cic. Nay, you're a sawcy Knave, did *Arabella*
Take any body with her?Fur. No Sir, she was loth to promote the Cook-maid,
And my Livery was sick of a Rupture.

Cic. Did she say nothing?

Fur. She were not a Woman then; she told me all
Her Wedding Intrigues, but her tongue went
So merrily, and my memory was such a Jade
We could not keep pace.Cic. If she be gone about her marriage necessities
she won't be long, come let's about her
Preparations here at home.Fur. We are like to have wonderful doings, and much
Sobriety; our Wine will come up in Physical
Viols, and we shall drink it out of Acorns.

E

Cic. Are

Cic. Are the provisions come ?

Fur. Yes Sir, Coleworts in abundance, Lettice, Anchovies,
And Mushrooms, the Feast will make a rare
Grand Salade.

Cic. No flesh Varlet ?

Fur. A pair of Pidgeons, half a dozen of Larks, a
Monstrous Quale, and as much Butchers meat
As a pair of Mice yolk'd to a Peascod can
Conveniently draw.

Cic. You think y'are in *England* to clog your stomach
With Buttock-Beef.

Fur. Wou'd mine were a Porter, upon condition
It bore no worse a burthen.

Cic. Be content Rascal, thou shalt surfeit on
Macharoni, and Vermicelli.

Fur. A Pox of your Minestras, give me Beef,

[*Exeunt.*]

Scena Sexta.

Constantia.

Con. Just like a Felon by his guilt pursu'd
I've trac'd the Streets ; for every little noise
Begets new terrors, and my erring fancy
Frames out of nothing, objects to affright me.
But soft, I hear some footing.

Enter Clara.

Cl. 'Tis very late, for ev'ry one's a Bed
Except some Lovers, who do serenade
Their Mistresses, no Smith can I prevail with ;
They tell me that 'tis time to rest, but I
Can meet with no such season.

Con. This Youth is as timorous, as I.

Cl. That voice shou'd be *Constantias*.

Con. He nam'd me, I am lost.

Cl. Madam

Cla. Madam *Constantia*.

Con. Protect me sacred Innocence! I know you not,
What are you?

Cla. A Friend, and yet unknown.

Con. I do not covet new acquaintances.

Cla. Fear not, I was desired by *Honorio*,
(Lock'd up through some mistake of his Domesticks)
To fetch a Smith.

Con. I hope you have sent none, I have the Keyes.

Cla. I han't, for surfeited with this days Feast.
They went, I think, all drunk to bed, sooner
At least than usually.

Con. I shall perform their Office.

Cla. Nay I must attend you.

Con. Excuse your self the trouble, and my modesty
The Guilt of being seen with you so late.

Cla. I am too young for such a jealousy.
Besides I have a message to your Brother.

Con. Deter it till the Morning; now 'tis late.

Cla. It does require a more quick dispatch.

Con. I cannot shift him off, what shall I do?
'Twere madnels to return, to stay here worse
I'll then rely upon my Virtues force.

[Exeunt]

ACTUS III. SCENA I.

Honorio, *Constantia*, *Clara*,

Hon. Sister, I'll canvass your affair at leasure,
And as you satisfy my doubts,
Conclude your guilt, or innocence.

Con. My Virtue Sir dare suffer any Test.

[Exit.]

Hon. I do both wish, and hope it, now thy message.

E 2

Cla. Y'are

Cla. Y' are to resolve me a short question first.

Hon. Willingly, proceed.

Cla. Do you entirely love fair *Arabella*?

Hon. Do I love honour, life, or health? she's more,
Commands my soul, governs my heart.

Cla. She that has all the power you confess,
Has sent you a Command.

Hon. Which I'll obey more joyfully, than Slaves
Receive their liberties, speak thy command.

Cla. 'Tis to leave loving her.

Hon. Cease to love her! I tell thee cruel youth
I must first cease to live.

Cla. Behold the truth of men! did you not say
She sway'd your heart, yet see if you'll obey.

Hon. You must distinguish Boy, if she by love
(As that's her only Title) sway my heart,
I am no longer bound to an obedience,
Than whilst her high commands suit with that love:
But when she waves that right, and bids it cease,
I justly disobey her hate, not her.

For if a Monarch shou'd command me kill him,
Were't not in me a Treason to obey?
Surely it were, nor can my Inconstancy,
Cause she commands it, a less Treason be.

Cla. He argues cunningly --- But you'll appear
A double Traytor, both to her, and love,
If you obey not, for on this command
Depends her love, and life.

Hon. I understand you not, explain your self.

Cla. Sir, I shall both explain my self, and her.
Love gives her to *Garbato*, she'd have you
Cease your false claim, and let him have his due.

Hon. My answer Boy, shall be as home, and brief.
Her duty makes her mine, and I'de have her
Banish my Rival, and my Love prefer.

Cla. It rests in you to mitigate her Crime,
Her Father too with duty may dispense,

But

But there are none, when mutual vows are knit
Can cancel Love, till death determine it.
Is she contracted then?

Cla. Less cou'd not disengage her from her duty.

Hon. Tell her I shall not discompose her peace,
Nor long I fear survive her cruelty.

Cla. Oh that he had but this concern for me!

Hon. Having deliver'd this short message to her,
Obtain her leave to visit me again:
Methinks your Faces have such sweet resemblance
I cou'd delude my Passion, and adore
In thee my *Arabella*.

Cla. I will not fail to visit you.

Hon. Do my kind Boy, and then we'll weep together,
And sigh, and sing grief to a Lethargy,
Shall we not Boy?

Cla. You shall command me any thing. [*Exeunt severally.*]

Scena Secunda.

Enter Furfante.

Fur. So, thanks to my happy fate, he's fast again,
And thinks it wants three hours yet of day,
What a Rogue was I to abuse a poor blind Man
Thus? by making him believe't Night, and that
His Daughter's return'd, when she's as far from
Being visible as the Motion of time on a Dial.

Enter Buggio.

Bug. Where's thy Master?

Fur. Measuring his length, upon a Feather-bed, a sleep.

Bug. This Fellow has got my faculty, and lyes *extempore*,
The Sun is mounted in the Meridian.

Fur. But I perswaded my Master it was not full East.

Bug. Delicate Varlet, I cou'd kiss thee, did he lend faith?

Fur. Like a young Mercer, who had never been deceiv'd
By a Court Customer; he believ'd most religiously.

Bug. As many do by an implicate faith.

Bug.

But how goes the Wedding forward?

Fur. As honest Men thrive, and Crabs crawl backwards,
Backwards ---- The Bride's fled Sir.

Bug. Escap'd!

Fur. Like a Canary Bird, fled to her Country.

Bug. What Province is that?

Fur. A Place most Virgins delight in, their
Lovers bosom.

Bug. Thou'rt a rare Rogue, does the old Man
Know it?

Fur. He dreams as little of it as a Thief of the
Gallows, whilst he's committing Burglary.

Bug. Does he not miss her?

Fur. Yesternight he did, but now thinks her safe
At home between flaxen.

Bug. Thou mean'st a Bed, did'st tell him so?

Fur. I did a little impose upon his faith.

Bug. Sweet Rascal, let me hug thee, thou
May'st in time grow up a Mr.

Fur. In the Art of lying.

Bug. The Noble Science Varlet.

Fur. But now to make this good when he wakes
Would be a Master-piece.

Bug. Trust to these brains and I'll secure thee,
We'll perswade him he slept two days,
And dream't a third.

Fur. And I have such a quickning Mornings draught.

Bug. Will it exalt the Genius?

Fur. To the fifth Region.

Bug. Let's in, and taste it Boy; may it inspire
Our Sculls with fancy, and our Noses fire.

[Exeunt.]

Scena

Scena Terzia.

Riccamare, Garbato, Arabella.

Ric. I'll neither meddle, nor make with you that's flat;
I cannot answer't to my Brother.

Gar. Prithee change humours; As he pretends to see,
And sees not, seem you blind tho' you see.

Ric. I've been blind too long, when she came, she
Wou'd but speak a Word, and straight return.

Ara. But having weigh'd my Father's temper since,
(Which as you know is highly passionate)
I dare not tempt his fury by my presence
Till by some Friend I mediate my peace.

Gar. Nor can I think it safe; she ought to be
Of some concern to you; you are her Uncle.

Ric. I can't go with her now, were she my Mother.
You know my concern.

Gar. Let her stay here till our return.

Ric. Not I, carry her where you please, I won't be
Known I ever saw her.

Gar. Then I must wait her home, all places else
Will be injurious to her fame.

Ric. You promis'd to attend me to the Widow.

Gar. And you to me a Treat, of which your
Niece was to partake.

Ric. And will perform it.

Gar. Very like, and grutch your Niece a poor
Days habitation.

Ric. VVell Signior, you shall see the contrary
I'll hazard for your sakes, my Brothers love,
Niece you shall stay a week and welcom.

Gar. This favour will oblige me still to serve you.

Ric. But since I hazard for your sakes a Brother's
Love, I hope you'll spare my Purse.

In th' entertainment.

Gar. Most willingly, and if our stay be long,
Pay for our Diets too, at your own rate.

Ric. We shall not disagree, so, here's profit,
My Widow, and my Niece are at distance
With her Father, all makes for me, our time
Draws near.

[Exit Riccamare.]

Gar. I'll wait upon you.
Though we have gain'd a breathing time
For love,
And fortune seems to applaud our interview,
Yet still my timorous concerns for thee
Grow strong upon me, and allay my Joys.

Ara. Let's not destroy our present happiness
With fears of what may happen, leave't
To time.
Let Fathers rage, and fate denounce our ruin,
Yet whilst we Love, and can thus breathe
Our Vowes,
Into each others breasts, what can impair
Our real happiness?

Gar. Whilst you continue thus, fortune may show
Her teeth, but never bite us --- But I forget
Your Uncle --- life of my soul! farewell.

[Exit.]

Ara. So dying Bodies with their Spirits part,
So Virgins to their Ravishers do yield
Their honours up, with such a dying smart
Does wounded honour oft forsake the Field,
As I *Garbato's* fight, till whose return,
My heart seems dead, my body as its urn.

Scena

Scena Quarta.

*Furfante, drest like a Woman on one side, and like him-
self on the other, and Buggio.*

Fur. And how do I become the Petticoat?

Bug. As a Thief the Gallows, admirably well.

Fur. If I can but counterfeit a Voice, between
Laughing and crying, a right Womans voice;
I am past discovery to a blind Man.

Bug. Study *Pythagoras*, and transform thy self to
A Parsons Pig, that squeak will do it.

Fur. No I will speak like a Bakers Widow
Kneading of Cake-bread for her Husbands Funeral.

Bug. Either will serve with the help of my faculty.

Enter Clara.

But what Dandiprat's this?

Fur. A Pillow Querister, that sings my Lady a sleep.

Bug. And after plays with her Lips to make
Her Dream of kisses.

Fur. Kisses are loves earnest before they seal
The bargain, but if we don't seal his Lips,
Our design will be reduc'd to its first principle,
Nothing.

Bug. Fear not, we'll make him as silent as a Chamber
Maid in her Lords bed, when her Lady lyes over her.

Fur. Or she under him, the Simile will hold both ways.

Cl. Where's my Lady? ha, ha, ha, I cannot forbear
Laughing whilst I look on him.

Fur. You might show better manners Sirrah.

Cl. What, to a Fool?

Bug. To your Lady, 'sdeath are you blind?

Cl. I were blind indeed to mistake a Baboon
For a Phenix.

Bug. I wonder Madam, you'll keep such a Jack-sawce

F

Fur. I

Fur. I must have him corrected,

Cla. This is rare fooling.

Bug. He's beyond drunk, mad, or bewitch'd.

Cla. These impudent Fellows are able to outface
Truth, and make her fly the Dukedom.

Bug. Nay you must not enter there.

Cla. VVhat do they mean? I begin to fear them,
For certainly they are extreemly drunk;

Furfante, without fooling, where's my Lady?

Fur. Thou sawcy impudence.

Bug. I wonder Madam that you don't discharge him.

Cla. Tho' *Furfante* plays the Rogue, th' other
Seems a sober Gentleman.

Fur. That's not your way Sirrah, get y'out of my Doors.

Bug. How the Boy stares! do you not hear your Lady?

Cla. I hear a sawcy Coxcomb.

[*Cicco within.*]

Cic. *Furfante, Arabella, Furfante.*

Fur. My Master comes, what shall we do?
This Boy will ruine us.

[*he seems to threaten.*]

Bug. Let me alone to charm him, I'll make
Him believe the Devil walks above ground.

[*Enter Cicco.*]

Cic. Are none of my Knaves within?
Or is my Daughter deaf --- *Furfante!*

Fur. Your pleasure Sir.

Cic. Did you not hear me call?

{ *Speaks with his Male-
side towards him.*

Fur. I was so taken up with grief for my young Mistress.

Cic. VVhy what of her?

Fur. Alas poor Gentlewoman, she has wept her Eyes out.

Cic. VVept! for what?

Fur. Her Lover Signior *Honorio* who shou'd have made
Her a VVoman, with her own consent Sir.

Cic. 'Sdeath, what of him?

Fur. VVhy Sir, he has disappointed her expectation;
He is not come according to promise, and
She poor Bride, sits yond r blubbering

Her

Her Eyes out.

Cic. Foolish Girl! 'tis early, he'll come, fear not.

Fur. 'Tis rather growing late Sir.

Cic. 'Tis breakfast time with thee.

Fur. That's a season I never was acquainted with
Since I knew your VVorship, but if you please
'Tis dinner time.

Cic. How Rogue! are we not newly up?

Fur. You may take your ease, but we under -- Officers
Of the Family, rose six hours ago.
Signior *Buggio* has been here these three hours.

Cic. How! Signior *Buggio*, here?

Bug. Your Servant Signior.

{ *Furante seems to
threaten and keep
off Clara.*

Cic. Y'are welcom Sir, 'tis late it seems.
I wonder the Bridegroom comes not.

Bug. 'Tis past twelve half an hour.

Cic. He's mad too, damnably mad, or drunk.
VWhy, I am but newly up.

Bug. That's no news to me Sir, we have
Ply'd you these four hours with hot Cloaths,
Till at last you began to groan, and we
Believ'd it but a deep sleep.

Cic. Did I appear so insensible?

Bug. As if y'had been an Alabaster
Figure, for your own Tomb.

Cic. 'Tis strange, I feel my self well, and lusty.

Bug. I'me sure we pinch'd you till our Fingers
Ak'd, and pull'd you by the Nose till the
Gristle crack'd, and made us fear the
Bridg-fall, yet all this while we saw
No sign of life.

Cic. No sign of life! how my heart fails me?

Bug. He looks as if he'd faint with imagination.

Cic. Nay I find I was very ill.

Bug. I never saw a Man nearer's grave, and live.

Cic. I believe it, for my heart akes yet, I feel
A strange pricking. Hem, a hem -- But

Where's my Daughter?

Bug. There's a second affliction too --- the poor Soul's undone.

Cic. Undone! the Gods forbid!

Bug. In her honour Sir, *Honorio's* gone to travel.

Cla. My Wit shall teach me silence.

Cic. Base Villain, to forsake my Daughter thus!
And cheat my good opinion of his worth;
But 'tis not *Germany*, nor all the World
Can hide his shame, tho' it secures him.

Bug. It may prove false, all are not truths we hear.

Cic. However Sir he can't be true to me,
Nor to my Child, the hour's long since past
He promis'd to be here, and make her his.

Fur. He's rarely wrought, there is no Policy
Comparable to lying, and therefore I'll lye,
And tell lyes in this corner abundantly;
That is, counterfeit a Passion for my dear *Honorio*.

Cic. Poor Girl! thy Passion made a better choice,
Than my too avaricious care; *Garbato's* love
Might have made thee more happy.

Cla. This makes for *Arabella*.

Cic. But Poverty's no Virtue doubting Fool.

Bug. And blind Coxcomb to boot.

Cic. 'Tis good.

Since Manners are uncertain, we make sure
Of Gold, a Mineral that will endure.

Cla. How small a time can age be generous!
But 'tis not strange; old Men are near the Grave,
And therefore care not how much earth they have.

Bug. Your Daughter's full of grief, you would do well
To comfort her.

Cic. If I could find her, this Rogue *Furfante's*
Still out oth' way, and I dare not call, for fear
Of discovering my imperfections.

Bug. Sir you forget, your Daughter sits yonder
The most forlorn.

Cic. I see her well enough, but she's a counterfeit.

Bug. The liker her Father.

Cic. And tho' she feigns a grief, loves secretly *Garbato*.

Fur. I may cry my Eyes out for him, a loving
Father I have. [whines]

Cic. *Arabella*.

Fur. Sir.

Cic. So I'll follow the voice, it came from
Yonder Corner, she's not here. [Furfante removes.]

Bug. How the blind Man's puzzled?

Cic. Why *Arabella*.

Fur. Your pleasure Sir.

Cic. My Ears 'have fail'd, she's at th' other end,
I'll call her to me, and save my credit yet,
Must I call twenty times? why come you not?

} *Furfante goes to him with his Female*
} *side towards him, and Cicco feels him.*

Bug. Sure this Man has suffered a mutation of
Sense, his Eyes feel, and his fingers see.

Cla. These Rogues make sport able to kill the
Weeping Philosopher with laughter.

Cic. Poor *Arabella*, come forget him Child.

Fur. No sooner forc'd my heart t' obedience Sir,
Begin to love him, but I must lose him, oh ho.

Cic. This is not altogether counterfeit,
For she has alter'd much her voice with grieving.
As your obedience did first force your love
To this inconstant Man, so my commands
Do now require a change, forget him Girl.

Cla. This will be happy news to *Arabella*.
Cou'd I but find her out, I shall go near it.

[Exit.]

Cic. My *Arabella*, what still blubbering?

Fur. Good sweet honey Mistress, you'll so grieve my Mr.

Cic. That Villain was here all this while. } Speaks this with
his Mans side
towards him.
I shall requite him. *Furfante*.

Fur. Sir.--

Cic. VWhere

Cic. Where stands my Daughter now?

Fur. Alas she's gone weeping to her Chamber.

Cic. There let her tears discharge her grief,
But Rogue I shall make you more diligent.

Come lead me in.

[pulls him by th' ears.]

Fur. Oh pray sweet, good Sir.

[Exeunt.]

Bug. These lyes were carryed off with Gallantry,
The Management dilates my spleen, but
I'll not leave him thus, he's so excellent
A Subject for my brains to work on.

[Exit.]

Scena Quinta.

Amante.

Aman. My Clara's gone, and I must never more
Expect to see those beauteous Eyes agen,
Nor from the rays of her Divinity,
Receive one comfortable beam.

Enter Clara.

Cl. 'Tis Amante, I'll listen nearer.

Aman. She's gone forever, and I've nothing left
But her poor Aiery name to dote upon;
Cou'd Heaven be so merciless as to punish
With such severity one slip of Love?
Yet sure 'tis just since I did falsifie
My Vows to th' first, I for the second dye.

Cl. I cannot apprehend this second love;
Constantia was his first.

Aman. But wherefore she, she who was so guiltless
Of all my Crimes shou'd want a Monument,
Be lost to all Posterity, I apprehend not.

Cl. All this discourse, is still beyond my reach.

Aman. Yet blessed Clara, wheresoe'er thou art,

Thou

Thou hast a Noble shrine within this breast.

[he lies down]

Cla. The riddle's now explain'd, 'tis me he loves.
For when I took this shape, 'twas given out
(By my command) that I was dead, but how,
Or where conceal'd; yet it seems strange
That I shou'd prove the cause of his Revolt
Who ne're was yet belov'd, perhaps his Vow's
Directed to some other of my name,
I wish it were, I'll satisfy how e're my
Curiosity: ho! Signior *Amante*, ho!
He's in an Extasie, or else asleep.
Signior Amante.

Aman. Ha! Thou blest Idea, and divinest form
Of that fair Maid my soul ador'd,
Instruct me where to find her Sepulchre.

Cla. He takes me sure for Deaths Embassadour.
I understand you not, nor know I her.

Aman. Do not disguise your message, for I know
Y're sent by *Clara*, on some blest errand.

Cla. I'll humour him, it may have good effect.
Sir 'tis most true I am by *Clara* sent,
Whose restless soul wanders without content,
Because your Passion does disturb her peace,
If that you love her, you your flame will cease.
Else she as cause must suffer in her urn
For your inconstancy, therefore return
To your first love.

[Exit Clara.]

Aman. Do I deprive my *Clara* of her bliss?
Wretch, let thy Crimes accumulate thy torments
Rather than injure her, but both's impossible.
How can she be concern'd in my Revolt,
That never knew my change? Heaven's too just:
She can but be an accidental cause,
And if to cause such bad effects were sin,
The Gods themselves are scarcely innocent.

[Exit]

Scena:

Scena Sexta.

Strega, Sanco-panco, Riccamare, Garbato.

Streg. Sanco-panco.

Sanc. VVhat wou'd your worship forsooth?

Streg. Set the Gentlemen some stools Sanco.

*Gar. Does not thy Stomach begin to wamble?
And Rowl like a Ship in a storm?*

*Ric. Thou art too curious, she's rich, and I can
Digest a few imperfections.*

*Gar. As the chattering of her chops like a new beaten
Ape, which, together with the salivation
Of her Nose, makes her kils as moist, as a
Young Girl, that licks her Lips after stew'd Prunes.*

Ric. Thou art a sworn enemy to old Women.

[*Strega Coughs.*]

*Gar. Mark that Cough; she has had it ever since
The cold she got in Nebuchadnezzars days,
Doing homage to the Golden Image.*

Streg. Gentlemen be pleas'd to seat your selves.

*Gar. She straines a complement, as if she were
Costive upon a close stool.*

*Ric. Peace Infidel, Thy whineling Courtship
To Arabella, is ten times more ridiculous.*

[*They all seat themselves and Strega in a Wicker-Chaire.*]

*Streg. Gentlemen, the observation of my younger
Days has instructed me from time to time
In the politick secrets of nuptial conjunction,
And of seven Husbands (heaven be prais'd)
I've buryed in my days, I found but one
That lov'd me for my self, Gallants, I
Mean for my well-favouredness, and this Man
Was my first, the other Six pretended Love,*

But

But doted on my wealth: Now as my first
Did love for youth, and favour, my last must
Love for age, and comeliness of mind, I mean
Wisdom, and Experience.

Ric. I am the Man that wou'd so love, and from
Each antique part of venerable age,
Make youthful pleasures spring joyes of mind.
Th' older the Body, and the more decay'd,
The soul's more youthful still and vigorous.
For as a Tenement that's held by time
Whose Walls and Roofes are half consum'd by age
Enjoies a freer influence of the Sun
Than Towers newly built, or modern Caves,
So you participate the knowledg of----

Gar. Making *May* Butter.

Ric. So you participate the knowledg of---

Gar. The wonderful use of a dry dogs-turd.

Ric. Pox on thee, peace, the knowledg of---

Gar. Stewing Prunes, and Munching Marmalade.

Ric. A Pox confound thee, the knowledg of---
The superiour Powers.

Gar. A rare speech in commendation of---
Arabian Mummy.

Streg. Sir I perceive your affection, and how directed
The right way to knowledg and experience.
Your discretion therein, I must tell you, takes
Me much -- uh uh hu--- very much uh hu hu---
Give me a stick of liquorish uh hu uh hu
When you have seen my five imperfections---

Gar. I believe one may see the Devil, with less horreur.

Streg. And like me then, I sha'n't be hard hearted.

Ric. I long for tryal like a teeming Wench
In an Orchard. Your imperfections will at
Worst appear like foyles to set off
The luster of your soul.

Streg. You speak bravely, and I hope will like me,
I'll give you this encouragement, above my

Other Suitors, I like you.

Gar. Better than Heaven, by the haste you make there.

Streg. And as a secret in your ear, I am better
Worth than twenty thousand Crowns *per annum*,
Besides some Bags in a Corner.

Ric. I value your self only, and hope ---

Gar. She'll dye, and make you her sole Executor.

Streg. *Sanco*, fetch my dressing Table, and Boxes.

Gar. Sure she meanes to lay her Carcass out in
Parcels, and dispose her Limbs in Legacies;
Or having boxed them severally, indorse
Them to her loving Kinsmen thrice
Removed --- But her implyments are come.

Ric. Prithee leave fooling and observe.

Gar. How she's set together, as if she mov'd
By Wires, or Clockworks.

Streg. How do you like me now?

*{ She pulls off
her Eye-brows.*

Ric. How shou'd I like you less, for want of
Such an idle excrement?

Streg. Put them in their right Box *Sanco*.

Sanco. I'll case them most exactly.

Gar. And send them to *France* for a Pattern
That the Mode may pass into *England*.

Streg. Giv me your opinion now.

[Pulls out an Eye.

Ric. VWhere the soul has such a subtile knowledg
To discern, there needs no corporal light.

Gar. Now wou'd she look like the figure of
Homer scanning of Verses, if her Beard
VWere but half so venerable.

Streg. VWhere's my Eye-Box *Sanco*?

Gar. 'Tis but a blind Eye that cannot
Hit its own Box: how dost like her?

Ric. As I wou'd like a Treasure on a Dunghill,
I endure the stench o'th' one, for the lucre
Of the other.

Streg. Now view my third imperfection.

*{ pulls out her
Teeth.*

Gar. She'll

Gar. She'll be sure to kiss soft, and thou
May'st venter thy Fingers in her Mouth
Safely.

streg. This is my fourth, consider't well.

*pulls off
her hair.*

Ric. This will never be seen in a Night-gear.
Besides 'tis a charitable age, we frequently
Borrow hair of one another.

Gar. But art in earnest? ha?

Ric. She's sufficiently ugly, but still I pray with
The Man, that was carried away by the
Devil, God bless us from worse.

Gar. On my Conscience he'll go through stitch
And learn by her face to Picture deformity.

Ric. Now for her last.

Gar. VVhich he expects with as much curiosity
As a Court Lady th' arrival of a new Gown
From *Paris*.

Streg. *Sanco*, help to untye.

Gar. In the name of ugliness, what will she draw
From those parts?

Ric. 'Tis beyond the VVit of Man to imagine.
Look *Garbato*, --Look.

Gar. Remember she's rich.

*she pulls off
her Leg.*

Ric. The Devil take her and her riches too: Marry
A Stump, a VWooden Leg? I'll have flesh
Tho' ne're so ugly -- Come away.

Gar. Thou wilt not leave her thus.

Ric. Dost think I'll ingender with Bedstaves,
And beget a generation of Scourg-sticks?
I'll see her whip'd first, 'tis penance enough
To look on her, Don *Belzebub* shall
Marry her for me.

[*Exeunt.*

Streg. Are all my pains come to this? The time may
Come, a rich Widow may be in more reverence,
I warrant he's an Elder Brother, by his ill

Breeding, and less Wit.

Sanc. No he's a younger Brother forsooth.

Streg. A younger Brother! then am I at my last Prayers, and may dye without my eighth Husband; And what a lamentable misfortune that will be, Let all venerable Damsels consider--- Come *Sanco*, lead me in, and as we go Let's both together sing fortune's my foe.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS IV. SCENA I.

Clara, Arabella.

Cla. I Hope you will applaud my diligence.

Ara. Thou'rt fit to be great Loves Embassador
So well thou hast manag'd this affair,
First to perswade *Honorio* cease his claim,
And then to bring me such a just account
How things succeed at home---

What more cou'd I expect, or thou perform?

Cla. My duty Madam did oblige this service.
She little guesses at my interest,
Which add the Wings to diligence her self.

Ara. *Garbato* will be ravish'd with this news,
Dear Boy, how shall I recompence this service?

Cla. Your acknowledgments are prodigal rewards;
But Madam if you will enlarge your bounty,
By giving me leave to attend *Honorio*,
I shall have cause to blest your service.

Ara. Why Boy? will that so much advantage thee?

Cla. Make me for ever Lady--- for he fancies
Some kind of small resemblance in this face
To your bright beaurty; weeds resemble flowers,
And have their use, and virtues too, so I

May

May palliate this Lovers misery.

Ara. Had'st thou a Sex more suiting to thy face,
Thou might'st effect a perfect cure. Methinks
(If I forget not my own form,) there is
Enough resemblance for a Lovers flame
To feed upon.

Cla. Madam I wish there were --

Ara. Another Sex.

Cla. No Madam, more resemblance.

Ara. That wish alone were foolish, and must end
In a cold friendship, which soon brings disgust.
Thou cou'd'st not marry him.

Cla. It should be much against my will then. (aside)
Yet I cou'd live with him, and please his fancy
In all the pleasures of true Love.

Ara. That's not done in a song Boy; thou'dst come short.

Cla. I mean I'de serve him with more fidelity
Than any VVoman cou'd (except my self) (aside)
For I wou'd make it my happiness to please him,
And share a double part of all his griefs.

Ara. Thou wou'd'st be wond'rous kind.

Cla. As your fair self to Signior Garbato.

Ara. 'Tis pitty to divide such love, yet for both
Your sakes, I wish thou wer't a female.

Cla. I hope these breeches han't transform'd me. (aside)

Enter Garbato and Riccamare.

Here comes my Lord, Madam I'll take my leave.

Ara. Dear *Infortunio* I am loth to lose thee,
Yet since *Honorio* prov'd so kind to me
As to leave me to my choice, I'll let thee go,
But take this Ring, and wear it for my sake.

[Exit Clara.]

My dear *Garbato* I have news
VVill raise thy soul to such a happiness,
Thou'lt think thy self in Heaven.

Gar. Being in thy Company I am so.
Yet I cou'd wish your Uncles absence,

That --

That I might participate your joys.

Ara. His presence is less welcome than storms
Of rain in Harvest.

Gar. Speak softly, lest he hear you.

Ara. Oh, I could curse him!

Gar. Do't like a Politician then, and smile in's face.

Ric. Niece Arabella.

Gar. You must seem attentive, for he longs
To tell you his adventure.

Ric. Were you at leisure I could give you a
Description of the strangest piece of deformity.

Ara. I am ever at leisure to hear you.

Gar. How soon Women learn to dissemble?

Ric. You have seen Mother Shiptons Picture.

Ara. Before her Prophecies I think I have.

Ric. Just such a prognosticating Nose had this
Sucking Damsel I went to woo, she was
So young that she had not a natural
Tooth in her head.

Ara. He'll be as tedious now ---

Ric. They're all Ivory, and those dy'd Saffron by
The contagion of her breath, the putrefaction
Whereof might breed a Plague (if the Wind
Sate right) as far as *Piemont*.

Gar. Thou hast as little kindness for an Old Woman
As a Hangman for a Thief, for like him thou
Wou'dst Murther the race thou desir'st to advance
Thy fortunes, and live by.

Ric. I'de as soon live in my Grandfirs vault, and
Keep Company with the Worms of my dead Ancestors.

Gar. I thought Riches wou'd have digested any imperfection.

Ric. Except hers, had it been a common ugliness---

Gar. As the Battery of the Nose in the French War.

Ric. Gold might have excus'd it.

Gar. Or say sh'ad been as wry-mouth'd as a Plase.

Ric. I wou'd have digested that too, and kist her less
But to have a furred Mouth, with too much Nose,

Neither

Neither Eyes, nor Hair on her brows,
 A Toothless chops, with bristled Chin,
 A Pate as bald, as e're was seen,
 With parchment hide, and timber Legs,
 VVou'd make a Man forswear such Megs,

Ara. VVill he ne're have done ?

(*aside*)

Gar. I fear he has but begun yet.

Ric. Such accumulated imperfections did I never
 Behold, they were beyond the Power of Gold
 To qualifie.

Gar. Then you're quite out of conceit with Gold
 And Old Women.

Ric. Not whilst the beauty of the Gold will balance
 The ugliness of the VVoman.

Gar. Ha, ha, ha, we'll find you out a handsomer.
 Come *Arabella*, I long to hear thy news.

[*Exeunt.*]

Ric. So they are got together, and think themselves
 More happy than the Gods; but soft young Friend,
 Since the wealthy hopes of this old VVidow
 VVere Parents to my kindness, they being vanish'd
 'Tis just my love expire into some new advantage
 To my self, which i'll extract from their
 Loves; The Plot begins to ripen.

[*Exit.*]

Scena Secunda.

Enter Clara, Amante following.

Aman. Stay thou blest shape, *Amante* bids thee stop;
 VVith what a flying Speed she makes away,
 As if displeas'd I shou'd detain my *Clara*
 So long in Torment by my fruitless passion.
 Dear soul of my deceased love, but stay!
 Some hold that Saints can't hear us when we pray.

[*kneels.*]

Then a

Then how shou'd she poor Soul, who is in pain
 For thy inconstancy? thy prayers are vain.
 Yet since I cannot love her less, I'll try
 To bear' her punishment my self, and dye.

[Exit.]

Scena Tertia.

Cicco, Buggio, Furfante.

Cic. But is she so beautiful withal?

Bug. Fresh as *Aurora*, before the rising Sun.

Fur. *Cleopatra* was a Gypsie to her, and *Helen* a
 Black Dowdy. I'll outlie him if possible.

Cic. So fair, and rich?

Bug. Richer than *Cræsus*, she spends more in a year
 Than his Catholick Majesty has been cozen'd of
 Since the first discovery of *America*.

Fur. This is nothing Sir, they say that Gold is more
 Plentiful with her than Mackarel in their
 Season, or Cherryes at a Cranial a pound.

Bug. He'll outdo me in my own Art.

Cic. Why knew I not this sooner?

Fur. I thought your VVorships capering days
 VWere done, and that you wou'd not have committed
 Your grave head to the Matrimonial Noose
 At these years.

Cic. At these years Knave! do I look so old?

Bug. Young as a stripling of eighteen.

Fur. Or a Cherry in *May*, you are green agen.

Cic. I think I am as fresh, and vigorous as
 VWhen I went to School.

(youth.

Bug. Y'are like the year Sir, and ev'ry spring renew your

Fur. As Girles in *Rome*, their Maiden-heads.

But you have a Daughter Sir.

Cic. What then? because she'll pine away with the
 Sorrel sickness, and die for Love, must I not marry?

Bug. 'Twere

Bug. 'Twere pitty on your life else.

Fur. She grieves poor Lady, and sees no body.

Cic. She'll be less subject to temptation, I must
Mind my own affairs first. *Enter Riccamare.*

Ric. Save you, good Brother.

Cic. Is he come to interrupt us --- dear *Buggio*
Let's to th' Window.

Ric. VVhat have you found your Daughter yet?

Bug. Now are we lost, without a double brazen impudence,

Cic. Is he mad? found my Daughter! when was
She lost?

Ric. Not lost!

Bug. He has certainly a design upon your VVidow,
And wou'd keep you off with a Tale
Of your Daughter.

Cic. A Tale of a Tub, I'll hear none of't, I must
Beg your pardon, I'm engag'd about a business
VVhich concerns me nearly.

Ric. You'll hear of your Daughter first? *(haste.*

Cic. I hear of her too much, she's above weeping, but I am in
[Exeunt Cicco & Furfante.

Bug. VVhat speedy wings does avarice bestow
On creeping age! he flies that scarce cou'd go. *[Exit.*

Ric. VVeeping in her Chamber! 'tis strange, nay
'Tis impossible, I left her but even now
With *Garbato* plighting amorous Vows,
His strange behaviour much amazes me,
I know not what to think, less what to do,
My whole design to supplant *Arabella*
And make my self as next a Kin, his heir, is lost.
He's damn'd in his belief that she's above,
I'm in a mist, yet sometimes things appear
At a great distance, when they're near at hand.
So painted Prospects do deceive the Eye
And seems remote when on a flat they lie.
So may my fortune, I'll have th' other pluck;
If then I fail, a plague of all ill luck.

[Exit.

H

Scena

Scena Quarta.

Honorio, Clara as a Page, Constantia

Hon. It was a little piece of charity
To send thee back to be my Comforter.

Cl. I wish 'twere in my power; but for me
Who am the very abstract of misfortune
To undertake anothers grief wou'd prove
Too great a madness, and too little love.

Con. Thou art deceiv'd, sorrows find most relief
In stories like themselves.

Hon. Therefore dear Boy
Impart this History, if it be sad
'Twill better suit our thoughts.

Cl. I am so young, you cannot well expect
Various adventures from my Childish Love,
Yet old enough for Loves severity,
Who quickly found a passage to my heart,
Which soon ador'd an object much too fair
Not to be predispos'd of; things of value
Are cover'd by all, and I soon found love
Had preingag'd that heart t' another,
Which my soul languish'd for.

Con. Alas poor Boy!

Cl. Yet to this grief there did succeed a joy,
For that heart being refus'd, I thence deriv'd
A fresh, and lingring hope.

Hon. Why, that was well.

Cl. That seeming heaven did increase my torment.
For I by Nature bashful, had not then the courage
To speak my Love, of which they're ignorant.
And I by consequence must always pine,
Unable to assist my own design.

Hon. Thy fate's severe; but 'tis thy folly Boy

Which

Which makes it so.

But Cruel Love so crosses my design,
My Mistress cannot (if she wou'd) be mine.

Cla. And 'tis as much impossible for me
T' express my flame, as 'tis for her to love:
But if you'd please to undertake my cause
I know it wou'd succeed.

Hon. I cannot Boy, I've bound my self by Oath
Never to speak of Love to Woman more.

Cla. As from your self, you still may speak for me.

Con. Dear Brother do, I pitty his misfortune.

Hon. My vow was general concerning Love;
But you are free *Constantia*.

Con. 'Tis not a thing for me to undertake,
That always have in love been so successles.

Hon. May we not know her name?

Cla. 'Tis not a Woman that I love,
yet we a Man and Wife might prove,
If that our hearts cou'd but agree
As well as Sexes sympathie.

Hon. This is a kind of a riddle.

Cla. But easily unfolded.

Hon. Trust me th' unriddling will require some time;
What sayes *Constantia*?

Con. My thoughts have been so taken up of late
'Twixt love and grief, that I have lost that art.

Cla. It is unworthy either of your thoughts.

Hon. The kindness of this Boy does puzzle me *(aside)*
For either I mistake him or he loves me,
In an extreame that misbecomes his Sex.
It must be sure some Virgin in disguise.

Cla. I must confess you have discover'd me,
But you who know so much of love your self [to *Constantia*.
Know best to pitty the extremities love has compell'd me to.

Hon. 'Tis evident, the riddle does import it,
She loves no Woman, therefore loves a Man,
And if a Man who can't divine her Sex?

Ile let *Constantia* to discover all.

Con. In all I can, I will assist your love: [to *Clara*]
But lest my Brother should unfold too soon
Your Oracle, divert him with a Song.

S O N G.

*I never shall henceforth approve
The Deity of Love
Since he cou'd be
So far unjust as to wound me,
And leave my Mistress free.
As if my flame cou'd leave a Print
Upon a heart of flint.
Can flesh and stone
Be ere converted into one,
By my poor flame alone?
Were he a God, he'd neither be
Partial to her, nor me,
But by a Dart
Directed into eithers heart
Make both so feel the smart,
That being heated with his subtle fire
Our loves might make us feel but one desire.*

Hon. How cravingly he look'd upon me now,
As if he had a boon he sham'd to ask,
There's somewhat hid beneath that borrowed shape
I must know more of. [Exit *Honorio*.

Con. So, let him chew upon the riddle.
Till we have ripen'd our design,
But art thou sure *Amante* dotes on thee?

Cl. Am I sure when the Sun shines 'tis day?

Con. Then I'll renew my hopes, since his revolt
Is to an object can't return him love.

Cl. Let's then assist each other in our loves,
I'll use my art to make *Amante* thine.

Con. The readiest way's to wed thee to *Honorio*.
For when in thee his amorous hopes are dead,
He'll soon return to th' Love from whence he fled. [Exeunt.

Scena

*Scena Quinta.**Enter Honorio.*

Hon. It shou'd be *Clara*; yet she's too discreet
 To trust her modesty to that disguise,
 Yet she's a Woman, and moreover loves,
 And few are known Lovers, and wise at once,
 It must be she, and I the easie fool
 That gave her credit, she might feign the message,
 And make false use of *Arabella's* Name,
 If so I'me lost to her, and to her Father,
 My honour and my love destroy'd at once,
 One I may yet reprieve.

Enter Amante.

But see, *Amante*! that wound of fame gives
 No Precedency to lesser quarrells: then whil'st *(draws)*
 I prefer my honour, Love, take thou a Sepulcher.

Aman. Sure he intends some mischief to himself.
 Tho' I wou'd dye, Ple lend a helping Arm
 To save his life, hold, brave *Honorio*, hold,
 Let that reason which I want vanquish
 Thy Passion---kill not thy self.

Hon. I do not find an inclination to it,
 Tho' life before was irksom, since I discern
 A fitter subject for my Enmity.

Aman. I scarcely understand you.

Hon. I shall explain my self---
 I drew to make you yield me satisfaction
 For that dear honour which my Sisters fears
 Compell'd me lose, when I fail'd meeting you,
 To justify the injurious words I gave you.

Aman. Those Injuries *Honorio* are forgot.

Hon. I can't forgive my Honour such a blot,
 In you 'tis noble to forgive, in me
 Shou'd I accept, as great an Infamy.

Honour

Honour takes nothing when she's in arrear
 Lest what's meant kindness be miscall'd a fear.
 Therefore *Amante* if you can afford
 Me any favour, let it be your Sword.

Aman. As a Present take it; I dare rely
 Your honour's too great security
 For me to doubt; or shou'd you take this life,
 'Twou'd ease my grief, and finish all my strife.

Hon. My hand is furnish'd Sir, but if you'll part
 More nobly with it, present it to my heart.)

Aman. I'de rather wound my own, and by one blow
 Destroy that Friend, whom you wou'd make your foe.

Hon. If Friend unto my fame, you must confess
 What I affirm'd was true, and ask my pardon.

Aman. If nothing less Sir, can appease your rage,
 Than owning my self Coward, *Honorio*
 Must excuse me, tho' I promis'd *Constantia*
 To bear an injury beyond mans patience.
 Fame never shall report a VVomans tears
 Destroy'd *Amante's* honour.

I'de give my life, if live wou'd satisfie;
 But dare not Friendship with dishonour buy.

Hon. Then draw---

Aman. I do, and in as just a cause
 As Power when she Executes by Laws.

(draws)

Hon. Stay, to shew I don't delight in blood
 I'll only urge my Sister might
 Return her love, and make but good her claim,
 I'll own you by a Friends and Brothers name.

Aman. I can't alas consent, in *Clara's* grave
 (Where e're it is) I have intomb'd my heart.

Hon. But what if she be still alive?

Aman. I'll love her till she be dispos'd of to another.

Hon. It must be *Clara* wandring for my sake (aside)
 In that disguise, if so, it lyes in me
 To marry her, and that may set him free.
 But then my *Arabella*! she may prove

Still

Still undispos'd, my first and dearest Love,
I'll never hazard thee, I am resolv'd---

Aman. To fight---

Hon. Or basely be deny'd.

Aman. You sha'not find a Coward.

[they fight.]

Hon. I believe it --- Come on.

Aman. So you have drawn the first blood.

Hon. I see I have, shall we put up?

Aman. No Sir I can as little put up this
As you your Sisters injury; the Coward
Sticks here still.

[they fight.]

So, we're on even terms, what say you now?

Hon. My Sister's unreveng'd.

Aman. I do renounce that quarrel as unjust
And will at any time implore her pardon;
As I have often done. Sir you shall see
I can be noble in inconstancy. As for
The other slanders, I pronounce them,
And their Author false.

Hon. These are but words.

Aman. You shall have deeds to testifie I am no Coward,
Nor asperser of a Ladies fame.

(fight)

Enter Clara, Constantia, and run between them.

Cla. Hold, oh hold your hands.

Con. Imploy your Swords on us, for that wou'd be
A greater kindness than severitie.
It wou'd destroy our grief, as well as lives
Which in your dangers cruelly survives.

Hon. Good Sister give us way---

[pushes her away.]

Cla. Madam be resolute, we'll rather fall
As Martyrs to prevent their Funeral.

Con. They shan't constrain us to a misery,
If they will fight, let us agree to dye.

Cla. I am content.

Con. Prepare thy Ponyard them,
And in our courage let us vie with them.

[they hold their dag-

Aman. Hold! you have unarm'd me quite. [gers ready to strike.]

Hon. And

Hon. And conquer'd me.

Cla. Then we may triumph in our Victory.

Con. Triumph ! alas what comfort can we find ?
Preserving Lovers to be still unkind.

Cla. Preserv'd them ! no *Constantia* they bleed, and faint away.

Con. 'Tis too true, what's to be done ? [*they fall down.*]
Each drop *Amante* sheds, draws from my heart
A flood, nor is my soul much less concern'd
For my dear Brother, oh my misery !
Nature, and Love, do equally contend,
Whom shall I save my Brother, or my Friend ?

Cla. Madam be comforted ; this sacred stone
Has a choice Virtue to stop bleeding wounds,
And lend the blood back to th' distressed heart.
I'll try it on *Honorio*. [*she applies it.*]

Hon. Oh, ho.

Cla. See he revives

Con. But poor *Amante* labours still beneath the
Pangs of death ; oh lend it here.

Cla. Then will your Brother faint.

Con. Why let him perish rather than *Amante*.

Cla. *Honorio* perish ! ah, how can you be
So cruel in your foolish charity ?
To save a Man so false, and let a Brother
Dye, so good as my *Honorio* ?

Con. Not thine, but *Arabella's*, *Clara*.

Hon. That sound was most Divine--- Dear *Arabella* !

Aman. What Angels voice pronounc'd fair *Clara's* name ?

Con. A Wretch you once did love---
Open your Eyes and you at once may see
Your cruel *Clara*, and kind *Constancy*.

Aman. That beauteous form, is she then in disguise ?

Cla. Believe her not, she only us'd this art,
To make your blood return into your heart.
I'me but her Brother Sir.

Aman. Then tell me, where
She lives ; if dead, shew me her Sepulc' re.

Cla. Within

Cla. Within a day, I'll shew her you alive.

Aman. I'll strive to live upon that hope.

Con. They begin both to give good signs of a Recovery.

Cla. This wound seems almost clos'd;

Apply the Stone to him, there can't be found

In Art, or Natures Treasury so good

A stenching Medicine for a stream of blood.

Hon. It seems to me miraculous, I find
It strengthens both the body and the mind.

How fares *Amante*?

Aman. Better to see my Friend so near his health.

Hon. I am now in Amity with all the World, and find
(I praise the Gods) a sweet recel from love.

Aman. My thanks kind Youth, thou dost not only give
Me life, but likewise a desire to live,
By assuring me of *Clara's* recovery.

Con. Wretched *Constantia*, thou art never thought on.

Cla. Y'had best retire Sir, th' air is cold,
And may offend your wounds.

Hon. I thank your care.

Signior Amante come, we'll now be Friends,
Since eithers blood has made too large amends
For all past injuries.

Aman. Here take my hand,
And with't a heart devoted to your service:
If you in any thing be disobey'd
Impute the fault to love, and not t' *Amante*.

Con. In ev'ry Truce of love I still must be
Like one exempt! we are not to agree.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACTUS V. SCENA I.

Riccamare, Garbato, Arabella.

Gar. **M**ay we give credit to this happiness,
Or do you only tempt us with a bliss,
To try how soon we'll credit what we wish?

Ara. It seems unlikely, yet I'de fain believe.

Ric. What do you take me for, a Fabler, Niece?
I did expect another kind of thanks.

Ara. Good Uncle be not angry, we thank you.

Gar. Our thanks but shame us Sir; there's none but you
Cou'd have oblig'd so much.

Ric. I did introth compassionate your loves,
And that compassion urg'd me to assist you.
What pains I took, and how I press'd my Brother
By pray'rs, entreaties, and some slender reasons.
Before I cou'd prevail, is not material:
It is enough I compass'd my design.
He'll seem for the present enrag'd at the Match,
And afterwards receive you into Grace,
Which in effect's as good as a consent.

Gar. Y' have done a charity, becomes a Saint.
Now *Arabella* you have no excuse,
Your duty being safe.

Ara. My blushes do consent, yet I wou'd fain
Be blest before the Nuptial Rights.

Ric. By th' Priest you may; but Niece it is in vain
T' expect your Father's yet.

Gar. Be satisfy'd; I hope we sha'not long
Be barr'd that happiness.

Ric. Not six hours I dare pass my word.

Ara. If I transgress, it is upon your score.

Ric. Make haste to Church, and here make all things sure.

Gar. Never

Gar. Never went Lovers to that sacred place
With a more innocent, and pure flame. [Exit.]

Ric. My Plot succeeds thus far, to my own wish,
This Match must disinheret her for certain.
And then stand I our houses Candidate,
Ile seek my Brother, and so aggravate
His Daughters Crime, that his misgovern'd rage
May hear no reason, nor admit excuse;
But like a *Bedlam*, furiously before
She makes defence, may turn her out of doors. [Exit.]

Scena Secunda.

Strega, Furfante, Sanco.

streg. From Signior *Cicco*, say'st thou honest Friend?

Fur. Yes forsooth, he's my Master, and a very proper Gen-
Though I say it. (tleman,

streg. Very likely, and he'd have leave to visit me, is't not so?

Fur. To kiss your hand, and vow himself your adorer.

streg. O fine, he'll make a Saint of me.

Fur. He may --- for she has preserv'd her Carcass
Ninety years beyond the course of Nature, and
Kept it by a Miracle from stinking (aside)

streg. Of what profession is thy Master Friend?

Fur. A Courtier forsooth, he has a good estate of
His own, which he daily improves by a kind of
Facility he has to beg any thing that comes
In his way.

streg. Belike then he's a very thriving Gentleman.

Fur. A most resistless Courtier, for he never designs
Any thing, but he obtains it by his importunity.

Sanc. Have courage Mistress, there's life in a Muscle; if this
Be not another sweet-heart, ne're trust a livery Prophet.

streg. A sweet-heart! the word warms at heart
Like a Cup of Muscad ne, commend me to thy Master
Heartily,

Heartily, and tell him that he shall be heartily, heartily
Welcome, with all my heart heartily.

Fur. A very hearty commendation.

[Exit.

Streg. What dost thou think *Sanco*?

Sanc. That your capering days are not done yet, you talk
Of your decays, and deformities, but if you have the grace
To keep them to your self, you'll pass well enough.
In a croud I warrant you.

Streg. Be like I had best change my Method, and make
No more discoveries of my imperfections.

Sanc. They'll discover themselves fast enough never fear it.
Alas forsooth you were born in a plain dealing Age,
When Men meant honestly, and Virgins were proud
To shew a handsome Leg; but now, no dissimulation,
No life. Every deformity is conceal'd, and every
Perfection set off to advantage.

Streg. As how good honest *Sanco*?

Sanco. Marry thus, a good Eye sparkles through a Vizard
Mask, whilst the bad features, and worse complexion
Lies conceal'd, good features are illustrated with
Counterfeit complexions, and good complexions heightned
With black Patches.

Streg. Thou art much improv'd *Sanco*?

(Service.

Sanc. I have not altogether lost my time in your Worships

Streg. Nay thou art a shrew'd clung pated Fellow,
Ple say that for thee.

Sanc. I do pick, and glean now and then some small
Crumbs, and fragments of knowledg out of my continual
Observation.

Streg. Marry, and 'tis very discreetly done. *Sanco*, when
I am mari'd thou shalt instruct me in the
Customs and fashions of the present Age, for belike
A Wife is quite another thing than what 'twas in my days.

Sanc. Marry is it Mistress, for then they stay'd at home
To entertain their honest Neighbours, now they
Gad abroad to be entertain'd by their Wild Gallants.
Then they took a Pride to be thought modest, now
'Tis their glory to be thought Modish, the World's

Turn'd

Turn'd upside down.

Streg. Dost think I shall ever learn to endure this fashion?

Sanc. A little use will make it as familiar to you as
Taking of Fees to an old covetous Lawyer, or
Killing to an unskilful Physitian.

Streg. Then belike I may be brought to a Modish Ladyagen?

Sanc. As modish as if y' had travail'd to *Paris* for
Your Cloaths, or to *London* for a confident behaviour.

Streg. And they say your *London* Ladies are courtly indeed,
Sanco --- But here comes the Gentleman.

Enter Cicco, Furfante and Euggio.

Sanc. Observe him warily Mistress, and seem the whilst
To speak to me; my observation learn't that
Trick of a Country Parson, who spoke to the
Congregation, and fix'd his Eyes the whilst on a
Handsome VVench.

Cic. Is she not a Miracle of Nature, what an Eye's there?

Bug. Brighter than the Ottoman Diamond, it fills the Room.

Fur. And him with darkness. (with luster.

Bug. Then for a Lip.

Cic. I observe that too; the Ruby thence receive its tincture.

Oh but the pretty Mole!

Bug. Where Sir? I see none.

Cic. A pox on't, I must be prating still before
My time, and shame my self.

Bug. I can't find that Mole, tho' I have survey'd
Her face most critically.

Cic. I mean the form of her face, Nature form'd
Hers, and *Venus's* in one Mould.

Streg. How he extols me *Sanco*? by my holy dame
I have not been so complemented these forty years.

Sanc. I'me perswaded that your face, like fashions laid by
Twenty years, begins to grow *a la mode*.

Streg. A very pretty observation.

Sanc. Old folks they say are twice Children, and you have
Been old enough for that Proverb these twenty (prime.
Years, so that by observation you shou'd be much about your

Streg. And:

Streg. And that may very well be.

Sanc. I believe your *Sciatica* is nothing but the Rickets;
And your ach in the Jaws, breeding of teeth, which your
Artificial ones hinder from cutting.

Streg. Then belike I may renew my youth agen,
I am resolv'd to fling away these rotten Teeth
And cut my Gums with munching loaf Sugar.

Sanc. You wou'd do well to buy a Corral.

Streg. That is not to good, but I'll eat store of Rabbits
Brains to make me tooth more easily.

Cic. I can observe no longer, for I discern such
Excellence, I can't contain my self,
I must speak to her.

Fur. If he cou'd find her out, but I'll assist him.

Cic. Fair *Strega*, and therefore the more fair because
Strega, do not disdain the humble flame which spouts---

Bug. Which blazes---

Cic. VVhich blazes from a young Lovers heart.

Streg. I never was addicted much to scorn.

Bug. Now is the rest of his pen'd speech lost; and
Our Lover in a brown study how to proceed.

Cic. If not to scorn, I hope to love.

Bug. VVell urg'd old Man how e're *extempore*.

Streg. Belike Love is a very comfortable thing,
But it will require debate, if you please
We'll walk in, and confer notes.

Cic. You cannot more oblige me.

[*Exeunt.*

Fur. His speech had like to have ruin'd all.

Bug. He wou'd not be perswaded otherwise,
Come lets in and share the mirth.

Fur. My old Master, cannot move without me. [*Exeunt.*

Scena Tertia.

Honorio, Constantia.

Hon. VVith what a strange, and yet mysterious art,
Love

Love has intangled, and engag'd each heart:
 Yours to *Amante*, to fair *Clara* his,
 Hers unto me, what a strange Maze is this?
 Mine was intangled too, but since got free
 By a rash vow, dislikes that liberty,
 Because it cruelly prevents thy peace,
 And renders me unable to release
Amante from his flame, by wedding *Clara*.

Con. Ah that you wou'd but so besfriend my love!

Hon. I dare not think you wish a happiness,
 That I must purchase with so great a Crime.

Con. I wou'd not have you sin, yet I'de fain be
 Eas'd of this load of Love, and misery.
 But is there no expedient, no just art
 To break a Vow, which else must break my heart?
 Not only mine, but loving *Clara*'s too,
 And that I'me confident won't much please you.

Hon. Not in the least; for I at present find
 Such an indifferency to *Arabella*,
 That I had rather oblige *Clara*'s love,
 And make *Amante* capable of thine,
 VVou'd my rash vow permit it.

Con. It is not better to dispense one Oath,
 Than kill a Mistress and a Sister both?
 VVhen by two Sins you equally are prest,
 It is a Virtue sure to chuse the least.

Hon. But I perceive no such *Dilemma* here;
 I may preserve my Vow, and you your lives.

Enter Clara.

But *Clara* comes I dare not trust my self
 - Lest my Compassion shou'd destroy my Virtue.

[*Exit Hono.*]

Scena

Scena Quarta.

Cla. I fear your Rhetorick prevails but little
To perswade his lover, since he avoids my presence.

Con. 'Tis altogether hopeless, he's so constant
To that curs'd vow, there's no removing him.

Cla. We must find some evasion, some reservation.

Con. But where my *Clara*? you still cherish hope.
Though you have nought in Prospect but despair.

Cla. That's the last passion love shou'd entertain.
Weigh but discreetly this perplexive vow,
And the evasion won't seem difficult.

It was if I remember it but rightly,
Never to speak of love to Woman more. (thence?)

Con. It was, what shadow of hope can you derive from

Cla. A certain joy, if nothing else obstruct my happiness.

Con. Find an evasion for that curst resolve,
And I'll assure your marriage.

Cla. Why let him keep his Vow religiously,

And never speak of love to me, or any,

I'll understand his signs, if he'll consent

The Priest shall make us one. Besides *Constantia*

He may write his love, that's not within his Oath.

Con. How dull was I, not to discern it sooner!

'Tis evident, plain as the light that shines,

I'll straight convince him of it. [Exit.

---As *Clara* follows, *Amante* Enters, takes her by the hand
and stops her.

Scena Quinta.

Aman. Though y'are still so cruel, and deaf to all my vows,
Yet lend an ear to my sad sufferings.

Cla. The

Cla. The Lady that went hence suffers much more
For you, than you can do for me.

Aman. Alas, I pity her!

Cla. I pity you;
But pity more your base inconstancy.

Aman. Impute that crime to love, and beauty Madam:
Since they conspir'd to betray my heart.
To one far more deserving, now 'tis fixt.

Cla. Like to an exhalation, for a moment.

Aman. For ever Madam.

Cla. VVhat hope of constancy can there be found
In love, of which inconstancy's the ground?
What truth, when both alike must be untrue?
You in your change, and I in loving you? [Exit.

Aman. She has struck me dumb, yet will not give me time
To answer, or extenuate my Crime,
Or if she had, I cou'd make small defence,
Guilt can but ill dispose with innocence.
But I'll reform, and though I cannot gain
Her love, her good opinion I'll obtain.
Then let her know tho' once I went astray,
Her brave reproofs has set me in the way. [Exit.

Scena Sexta.

Garbato, Arabella.

Gar. 'Tis a strange, solitary house this; None
But an Old Woman to bid us welcome!

Ara. I don't like my Uncles absence neither

Gar. That seems suspicious too: But I applaud
However the design, since it obtain'd me such a happiness.

Ara. I must applaud it too, since 'tis my fate,
Repentance after Marriage comes too late.

Enter Riccamare, Cicco, Strega, Buggio, and Furfante.
But here my Father comes? I fear too soon.

Gar. Your Uncle with him too, nay then we're safe.

Ric. What, are you senceless Sir? He has married a Beggat.

Cic. And I a Mine; 'twere a hard case if I cou'd not
Afford one Portion; set your heart at rest,

I'm resolv'd to make this Day a Jubilee.

And I'll begin with my Daughter first, call her,

Furfante, that I may forgive her.

Ric. Forgive her! is he posselt?

Fur. Why Sir she's by you.

Cic. How strangely I forget my self! oh love,
Love, how thou distractest youth! *Arabella.*

Gar. To him in this humour, and get a blessing.

Ara. I hope you are as ready to forgive as you were wont.
That I disobey'd you in my choice
I must confess, but 'twas not till the choice
You made abandon'd me, that very Minute
You design'd me his Wife.

Cic. Thou had'st more VVie I see than thy old Father;
I do forgive thee Girl, and hope thy Husband
VVill make that out in love, he wants in fortune.

Ric. How riches alters some Mens tempers!
Oh! I cou'd curse!

Gar. My love I hope has been unquestionable,
And by so many Acts confirm'd, it needs
No farther proof, let it suffice I married
(On a bare promise of your favour Sir) for her
Own Merits, without least assurance of
Any Portion, which the fair Estate newly
Faln to me by an Uncles death might
Justly challenge.

Ric. He's rich too! a Curse on my design, they're
Both ways crost, in advantage, and revenge.

Fur. How th' old Man courts him now! before
Forgiveness was a favour. Signior *Buggio*
Your Cake's Dough.

Bug. I find lying a very unprofitable calling.

Fur. It may be one day pay'd Sir with a basting.

Bug. Then will I make you my Receiver.

Cic. May the Heavens pour down blessing on you.
She shall not want a Portion.

Gar. Uncle I thank you for your kind design,
My Father will no doubt declare you his Heir.

Ric. Oh, they may laugh, that win.

Gar. Y'have

Gar. Y^e have lost your fortunes both wayes, in a Wife, and an Inheritance.

Ric. Yet I^e not cry for the matter, except It be my Nieces pardon.

Ara. Alas, you never injur'd me.

Ric. In thought I did, for I design'd thy ruine, And cannot find an apter recompence, For having sought to disinherit thee, Than by th' addition for my poor fortune. I here adopt you mine, and when I dye, What I possess, is yours.

Both. You are too Noble.

Streg. If she be yours, Sir, I must salute her.

Cic. Do so good Wife, whilst I give directions For th' invitation of our VWedding Guests.

Ara. My duty shou'd have thrown me at your feet For your dear blessing Madam, had I known, Y^e had been my Fathers choice.

Streg. How prettily she prattles *Sanco*!

Sanco. She call'd you Madam too in the Court dialect.

Streg. Dialect! prithee *Sanco* make me understand These fine words.

Sanco. I^e buy you a Dictionary forsooth, and that Shall teach you.

Streg. A very pretty Word, prithee let me have it.

Cic. Be sure none be forgotten.

Fur. I^e table them exactly.

Cic. Prithee *Buggio*, do thou assist him.

Bug. I shall Sir. Pray one Word --

(whispers.)

Cic. You mean my Daughter, but she's Dispos'd you see, but I've a Niece, a rich One for you.

Fur. Ha, ha, ha --- he has paid him in his own coyn, Lye, for lye.

Cic. Now let us in to entertain our Guests. This ought to be a double marriage feast.

[Exeunt.]

Scena

Scena Septima.

Honorio, Amante.

Hon. I must avow, 'tis highly generous,
But now such actions are not in request,
I know your love to *Clara*, and suspect it
A cunning Stratagem to sift my heart.

Am. Your thoughts of me *Honorio* are too mean:
'Tis true I have been faulty in my Love,
And made by beauty a too easie Conquest,
But I have fortify'd my heart with Virtue,
Both against *Clara's*, and all other Charms,
Except these first, which in *Constantia*
Surprized, and made a Conquest of my Love.

Hon. Let me adore thee, Friend. This noble Act
Will canonize inconstancy, and make't a Virtue.

Am. I wish *Constantia* receive it so.

Hon. She'll be but too much joy'd, and so will *Clara*,
For the kind resolve I've made on her behalf.
See they appear to share the happiness.

Am. Turn not aside your face, for I'm become,
Loves penitent, y' have wrought a perfect cure,
And by your reproof my inconstancy taught
My Love stiddy Virtue.

Cla. I rejoyce in't,
And shall be proud to perfect the good work,
By joyning you to fair *Constantia*.

Am. Your Virtue shall dispose me.

Cla. Here *Constantia*, receive a convert to your Love. Nay
Neither blush nor doubt, he's proof I warrant you.

Hon. Against the World.

Am. No beauty now, but yours has power to charm me.

Hon. May the Gods still encrease your happiness.

Con. I dare believe you. My Joyes now are perfect,

And

And so shall thine be *Clara*, lend's thy hand,
 I here Dispose thee to *Honorio*;
 Love him, he's a Gentleman deserves it.

Clara. Y'are my Noblest Parent, and have given me
 A fresh life of happiness.

Hon. Now all is as it shou'd be, but methinks,
Constantia, you presum'd too much to dispose
Clara without her own consent.

Clara. She knew my heart had done it long before.

Hon. Then nought remains, but that we lead to Church,
 And there confirm our joyes by sacred Rites,
 Love Joyns our hearts, but 'tis the Church Unites.

Aman. I must implore *Constantia's* pardon first,
 For my so long revolt.

Con. Y'are to me in your return more welcome,
 Than Reprieves to Malefactors that despair of life.

Hon. Say no more, I dare assure your pardon, Love still
 Prepares our Joyes with bitterness, to make us
 Relish them with more delight :
 By inconstancy, deluded hopes, and fears,
 The wish'd fruition he at length endears.

Am. Y'are strangely merciful.

Enter Buggio, Furfante.

Hon. But who are these ?

Am. Sure one is *Buggio*.

Hon. That fatal cause of all our difference ?

Am. He is not worth this heat--- let's observe him.

Fur. Thou art so whimsical, I tell thee I'll abuse
 My Master no longer. Tho' he be blind, my Mistress has one eye.

Bug. Do me this kindness then, say I have lost my memory.

Fur. Do you think I'll tell a lye ?

Bug. 'Tis not the first.

Fur. Not by a thousand. But to tell a lye without
 Design, or profit, goes against my conscience.

Bug. I must bribe the Rascal, for now *Honorio*, and
Amante are friends, I perceive a basting coming
 Towards me, unless I can maintain a loss.

Of memory, come *Furfante*, prithee be honest.

Fur. Yes and tell a lie *gratis*, I thank you heartily.

Bug. Come here's a Crown.

Fur. VVell, it is for love of thee, and this.

Hon. VVe hear nothing, prithee let's advance,
I must be upon that Rascals bones.

Am. Stay, his Companion makes towards us.

Fur. Signior *Cieco* lately married to the rich VVidow:
Strega, desires all your Companies at his Wedding supper.

Hon. Married! sure this is coupling time why we
Are going to perform that Ceremony, and then
We'll wait upon him.

Am. It falls out happily since we are so unprovided
For the solemnity.

Com. They'll be a rare Comedy of Mirth.

Cla. Rather a Masquerade by their odd antique dress.

Hon. Or a French Farce for th' extravagancy of
Their humours, the old man conceales his
Infirmities, and she takes a Pride in
Manifesting hers.

Am. This is a strange Fellow, he'll neither know me,
Nor you, nor any injury he did us.

Hon. I shall revive his memory.

Am. Be patient dear *Honorio*, your anger here
Is thrown away.

Fur. I can assure you Sir he has lost his
Memory above these ten years.

Hon. How Slave will you help t' outface us too?
Did not I see him within these too days?
And speak with him? this is an impudence
Beyond Imagination.

Fur. If y' had seen him within this hour, he can no
More remember you, than the moment he was born.

Am. Nay, prithee *Honorio*.

Bug. Pray be not angry Gentlemen, I have travelled
Far, it may be I had the honour of your
Acquaintance in *Pern*, *Cattai*, *Mascar*, or *Mexico*,

Or

Or some Clime more remote, I have a brief head
And a short memory.

Fur. A very short head Sir, he can't remember that
He told a truth in all his life.

Bug. VVhy Rogue, *Furfante*?

Hon. This Fellow would be kill'd.

Am. Or rather kick'd, but he's a punishment
Sufficient to himself.

Con. You must forgive him, 'tis a day of Joy.

Hon. Upon Condition he'll ne're tell lye more,
I am content.

Am. That's the next way to make him
He'll ne're keep Covenant.

Hon. I'll make him tell a truth then, did not
You tell me, like a Rascal, that *Amante*
Had divulged my Sister was unchaste?

Bug. *Que diete vous Mounseur.*

Hon. That trick shan't serve you Sirrah, answer
Me directly, and in your own language, or---

Bug. 'Tis very true Sir.

Am. VVhat's true Rascal, did ever I divulge that scandal?

Bug. Not as I remember.

Hon. Then 'tis very false Rogue.

Am. Howe're h'as sham'd the Devil once.

Con. The injury concern'd me most, I pray forgive him.

Bug. A Noble Lady, I'll never lie agen,
But in thy commendations.

Hon. May he deserve your mercy. Now to Church:
But stay what Musick's this?

*Enter Cicco, Strega with Musick, Garbato, Arabella
following.*

Am. As I live, th' old couple revelling upon the *Piana*.

Hon. What a mischief 'tis we are not married now,
That we might Dance.

Am. A frisk or too before, will do no harm.

*A Dance.**Which done they
wish them joy.*

Cic. I thank you Gentlemen,
And hope e're long to wish like joy to you.

Hon. 'Twill not be much unseasonable now,
For we are marching to find out the Priest.

Cic. I've one at home shall save you all that labour,
And a slight Supper you shall be welcome to. ||

Con. We had not best refuse the old Mans kindness,
VVe shall fare worse at home.

Am. Oh by no means; since fortune made us meet
Thus happily, we'll celebrate this Night to
Gawdy Hymen in a leash of Marriages,

Gar. Pray let us fill the Mese.

Am. I beg your pardon Friend, I believ'd yours
Past the celebration.

Cic. But not the consummation.

Hon. Every thing in its proper season Sir. Love once
Propos'd me Madam for your Bridegroom,
But your commands dismiss'd my happiness.

Ara. I must acknowledg mine your generous gift.

Hon. Fortune has made some reparation here.

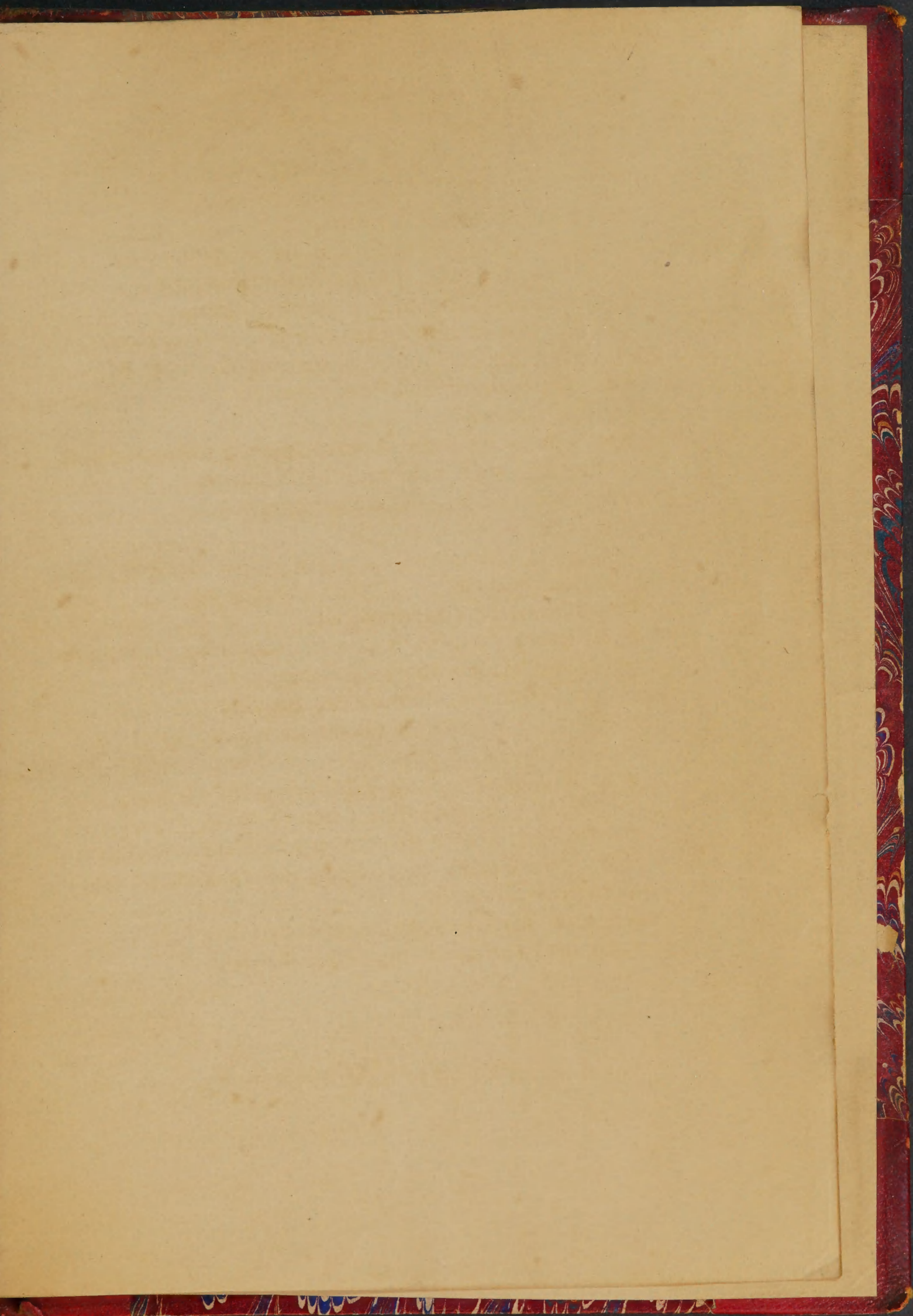
Ara. May you be happier in this Ladies love,
Than possibly you cou'd have been in mine.

Cl. So kind a wish deserves my best acknowledgmt.

Hon. VVe Truant it too long, let's now make hast
To compleat all our joys.

You're now my lot, though not at first design'd,
Fortune, and Love, dispose of all mankind.

FINIS.



Allen up by. ca

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